The Short Score of the Long Session

January 16, 1964 35¢

Colombia: The Land-Grabbers of Cali

THE REPORTER

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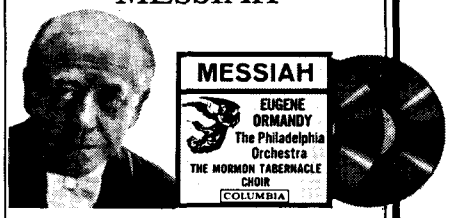

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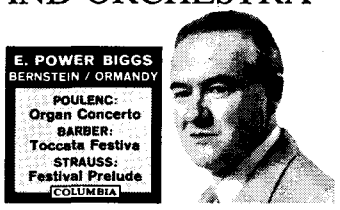

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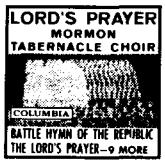
1078.

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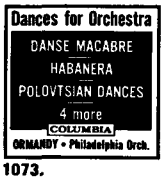

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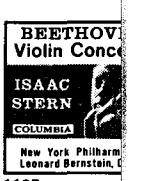

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1273-1274. *Two-Record Set

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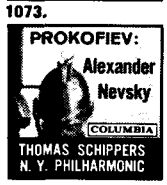

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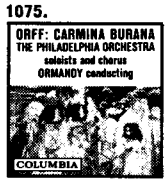

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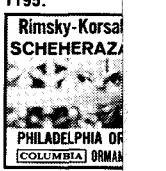

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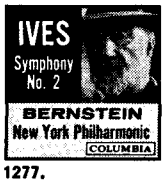

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1086-1087-1088. **Three-Record Set

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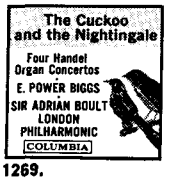

1269.

1104-1105. **Two-Record Set

1280.

1272.

1284. (Stereo version is electronically re-channeled)

1100.

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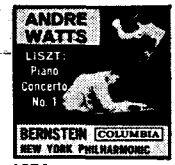

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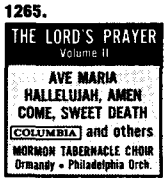

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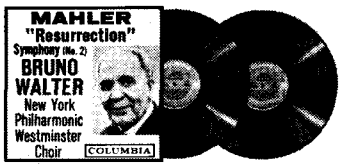

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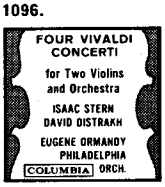
1267. Regular Only



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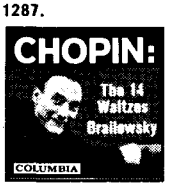

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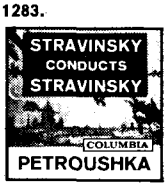

1093.

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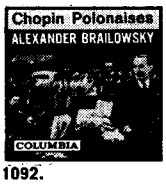

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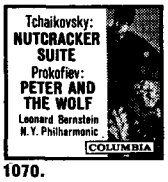

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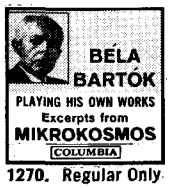

1270. Regular Only

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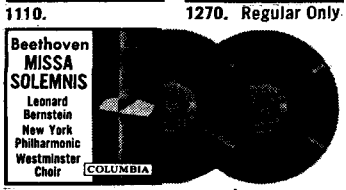

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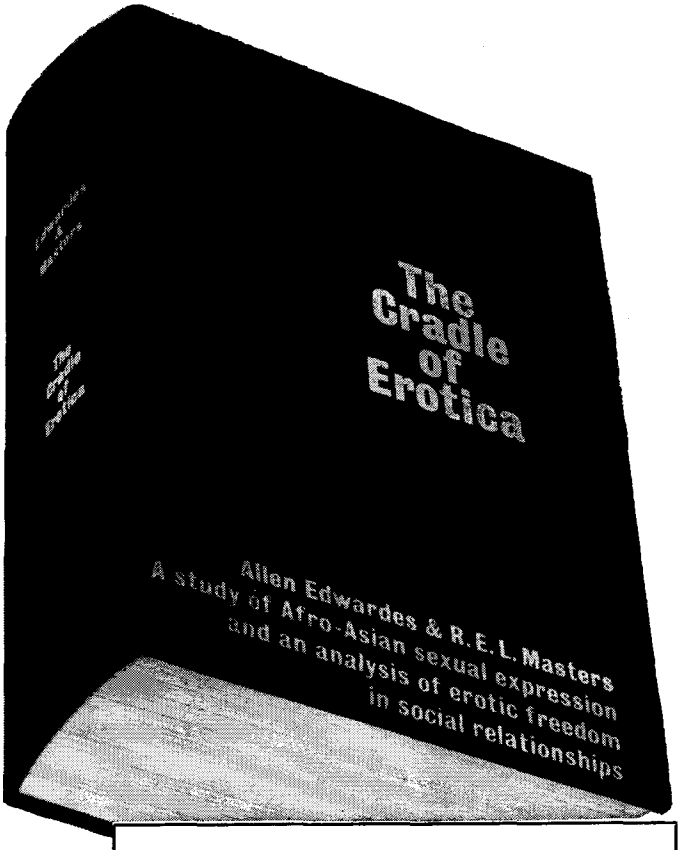
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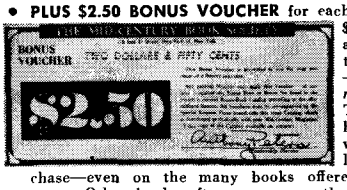

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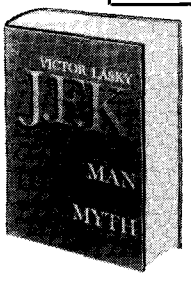

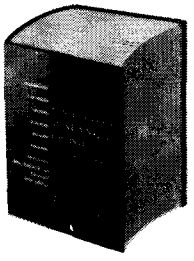

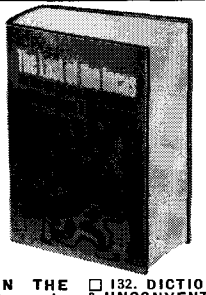

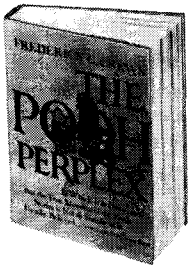

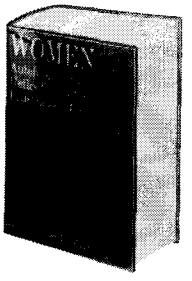

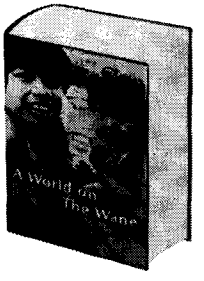

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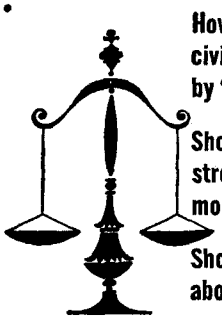

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

CONGRESS is always being scolded—and quite often for the wrong reasons. Harry Truman called the Eightieth a "do-nothing, good-for-nothing" Congress. Yet these days we must look back with respect to the legislators who provided the framework for our postwar foreign policy with both Greek-Turkish aid and the Marshall Plan. The Eighty-eighth Congress may yet pass momentous civil-rights and tax measures, and the measure already enacted providing financial assistance to institutions of higher learning may turn out to have broken the log jam in Federal aid to education. But there is no getting around the fact that at the end of Eighty-eighth's unconscionably long first session the score it had run up seemed pathetically short. And even some of the measures that did get through emerged in a rather bedraggled condition. As a prime example, the fate of the foreign-aid bill is described in this issue by **Paul Duke,** a veteran reporter on Capitol Hill. . . . Politics, like nature, abhors a vacuum, and the absence of strong Democratic leadership in the Senate has provided an opportunity for a skilled political tactician who, as he himself might put it, has never yet been known to turn a deaf ear to the importunate knocking of that most welcome visitor. The role of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen as eagerly available negotiator between the parties and branches of our government is appraised by **Meg Greenfield** of this magazine's Washington staff.

WHILE ON LEAVE from his post as professor of economics at Johns Hopkins University, **John P. Powelson** visited the encampment of squatters who occupied vacant land in Cali, Colombia. In the weeks since the events he describes in his article, a mother of eleven children was killed in a clash with the army and leaders of the land invasion were jailed. The Colombian parliament investigated the situation and the local authorities opened meetings with the squatters, who agreed not to erect permanent houses until the discussions had been given a chance. They did build a school, staffed by volunteer teachers. By the end of the year, both sides seemed to see some hope for a solution. During his leave, Mr. Powelson is serving as director of the Program of National Accounts of the Center of Latin American Monetary Studies in Mexico City. His *Latin America: Today's Economic and Social Revolution* is being published this month by McGraw-Hill. . . . For the past three years, **H. B. Bloomer** taught at the American College in Tarsus, Turkey. On completing this assignment, he spent five weeks in travel throughout Iran and was there at the time of the September elections. . . . Both **Linda Gottlieb** and **George Feifer** are with CBS News in New York and met last year in Moscow, where she was a guide with a USIA traveling exhibit and he was a graduate student of law at Moscow University. Mr. Feifer's article about racism in Russia appeared in our last issue. . . . Perhaps the worst fighting conditions in the world exist in the high Himalayas, where Indian and Chinese troops face each other on two fronts stretching across the roof of Asia. **Piers Anderton,** an NBC correspondent in India, visited Indian outposts recently and reports on the new weapons and strategy being readied by Indian troop commanders during the current uneasy truce.

ONCE AGAIN **Lois Phillips Hudson** weaves memories of a North Dakota childhood into a broad texture of human existence, with our dreams that unite, our beliefs that divide. It has been our pleasure to publish a number of short stories by Mrs. Hudson, the author of *Bones of Plenty* (Little, Brown). . . . Every observer of the country's newspaper industry must be concerned when he sees one paper after another, the good with the bad, closing down. **Joseph G. Colangelo, Jr.,** director of the news bureau at the University of Pittsburgh, points out that papers just don't close down of their own accord: someone folds them, and our contributor dislikes the way it is often done. . . . **John William Ward** is at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, California. . . . **Fernando Krahn,** our Chilean artist, considers some early aspects of the eternal quest for security. . . . **N. L. S. Sand,** whom textual evidence would seem to identify as a Midwestern executive, acknowledges the influence on his own work of the Belgian poet Henri Michaux. . . . **Gerald Weales** is associate professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. He has recently edited *Eleven Plays: An Introduction to Drama,* which W. W. Norton will publish in March. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is the author of a forthcoming book on nature for younger readers, *The Virus: A Guide to Life's Beginning* (Harper & Row).

Our cover, an impression of the Pan Am Building in New York, is by **Mozelle Thompson.**

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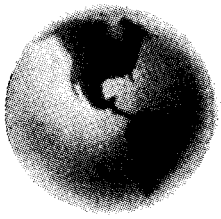

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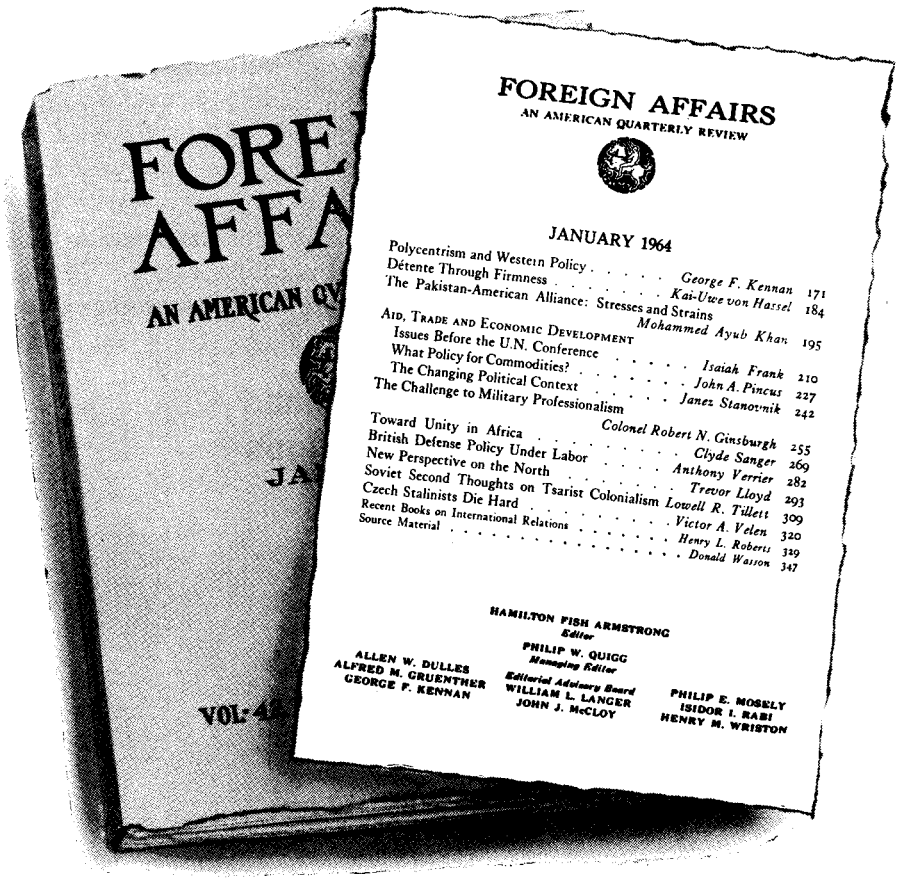
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PRESIDENT JOHNSON

To the Editor: Your editorial on "Our New President" (*The Reporter*, December 19) was a masterful statement of all our hopes and confidence in Lyndon B. Johnson.

WALLACE TURNER
Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editor: Recognizing our tragic loss, I am pleased that you share my confidence in the abilities of our new President. I hope your fine magazine will continue to interpret this new accent so accurately for your readers.

RALPH W. YARBOROUGH
U. S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

To the Editor: "The Long Vigil," by Marya Mannes (*The Reporter*, December 19), is a masterpiece of writing. It is a marvel of description of the sights and sounds and feelings so many people experienced. I know, for I, too, sat before the television those sad days and saw what she saw, heard what she heard, and felt what she felt. Only I could never have expressed them as exactly.

MRS. BURROWS SMITH
Wilmington, North Carolina

To the Editor: I wish to thank you for Marya Mannes's moving account of her impressions as she viewed the coverage during the nation's recent tragedy.

ROBERT W. SARNOFF
Chairman of the Board
National Broadcasting Company
New York

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's "The Long Vigil" is indeed an eloquent epilogue to the sad days which commenced on November 22 and gives a permanency to those many hours of television viewing.

LEONARD H. GOLDENSON
President
American Broadcasting Company
New York

To the Editor: In "The Long Vigil," Marya Mannes has expressed poignantly what the vast majority of us felt during that horrible weekend in November. I only wish Miss Mannes had been somewhat fairer in her remarks on the Dallas police. She referred to "the boundless bungling of those fat Texas police." Heaven knows there was inexcusable blundering on the part of those responsible for sending Oswald through that crowded corridor. Inexcusable too was the public announcement of the time he was to be transferred. Still, the majority of the Dallas police had nothing to do with these blunders and some Dallas policemen displayed great competence and heroism. Officer Tippit

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died trying to arrest Oswald. Several other officers risked their lives to take Oswald alive. One of them was spared only because Oswald's pistol misfired. Miss Mannes used the term "fat" three times in referring to the police. She obviously had in mind those who escorted Oswald down the corridor. They were middle-aged men and probably weighed no more than the average American male of middle age. What's more to the point is that they may not have been the persons who did the planning and therefore may not deserve to be insulted.

DONALD G. WILLIAMS
Dallas, Texas

To the Editor: I am glad that Marya Mannes in her fine essay "The Long Vigil" mentioned the incongruity of Cardinal Cushing's manner of speaking at the funeral of President Kennedy. At the cemetery in Arlington, the inability of Cardinal Cushing to read a simple prayer in the English language was appalling.

EVELYN FORD
Pleasantville, New Jersey

To the Editor: I was sorry to see that Marya Mannes disapproved of one bit of casting in the drama she otherwise gave her full critical approval to. She was right, of course. Cardinal Cushing was sadly miscast in the church scene. As she said, that harsh voice was very much out of place. It would have been far better to cast someone like, perhaps, Sir Ralph Richardson, with his fine voice and faultless English accent, in the part. Or Barry Fitzgerald who was just the way a priest should be. Or, since it is required that the actor be ordained, Bishop Sheen has a very good delivery plus an excellent appearance.

However, she did grudgingly admit that many found the scene extremely moving. She was again right. But does she know what did make it moving? *Because* of Cushing's vulgar, coarse, ugly speaking voice. His accent was actually not unlike Kennedy's own, without the polish. It was the voice of a man from the streets, which Cushing, in a way, is. It was hard not to be moved by the man as he croaked a very personal prayer over the coffin or as he gently consoled the widow. If anyone doubted his closeness to the family, it was gone when little Caroline accepted his kiss. Anyone familiar with six-year-old girls knows that they do not accept demonstrative affection from someone they do not love, especially in a moment of stress, without an argument, cameras or no.

Finally, it was the Mass itself that mattered, not the impressiveness of the ceremony. Everyone capable of doing so said some prayer, but possibly it was the discordant one that was answered.

KATHLEEN O'NEAL

To the Editor: The picture of the White House through the trees, accompanying

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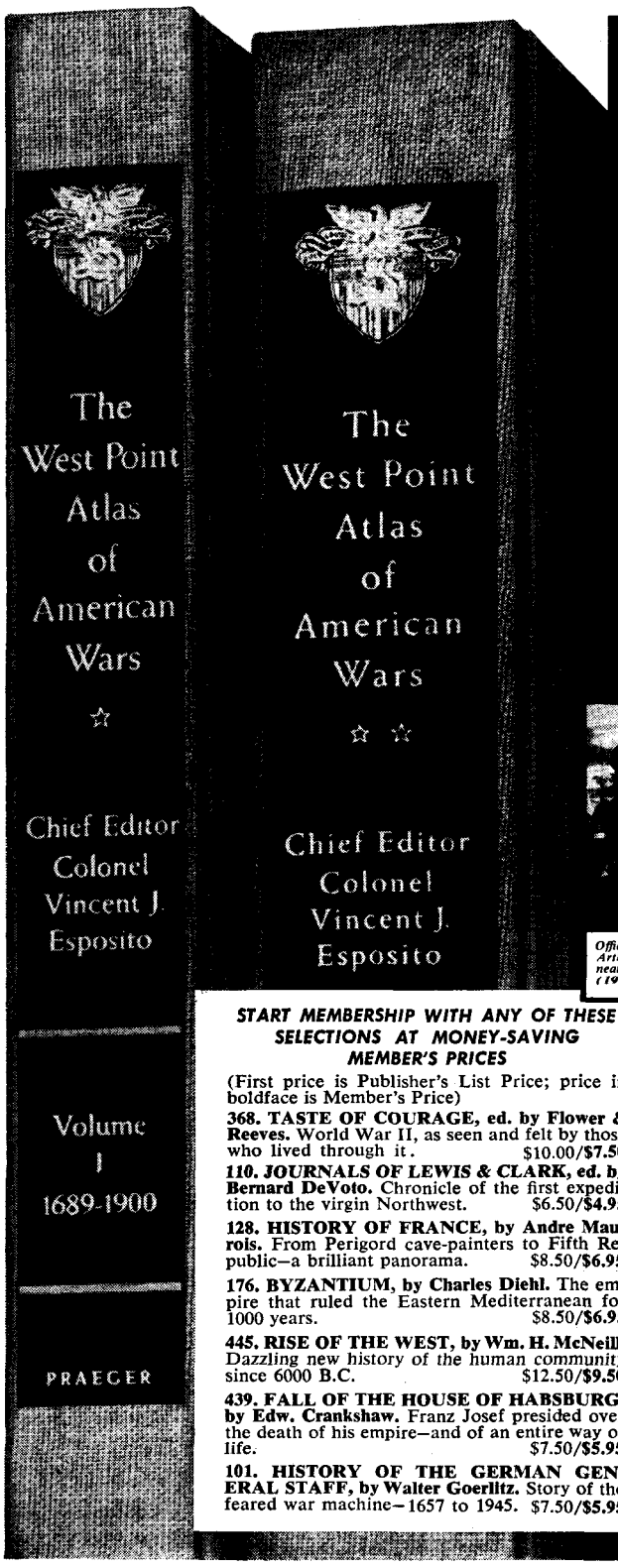
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RICHARD A. BALDI
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Editor's Note: Bill Berry.

LOUISVILLE

To the Editor: I have thoroughly chewed and digested Hunter Thompson's article "A Southern City With Northern Problems" (*The Reporter,* December 19). Mr. Thompson writes with an awareness of racial problems and attitudes in Louisville that only a Louisvillian would be expected to comprehend. He has struck the nail on the head.

J. P. WARDERS
Louisville, Kentucky

To the Editor: Hunter S. Thompson has written an excellent story. I appreciate it especially because articles that have appeared in other publications have been limited to compliments on the forthright way in which Louisville is confronting its race-relations problems, whereas Mr. Thompson's article penetrates some of our weak spots and points up some of the unfinished aspects of our situation.

There is some reaction to the title, since we can't admit to having Yankee problems. As a matter of fact, we hope to keep up our momentum and make more progress before our problems reach the critical stage evident in some of the Northern cities.

Somehow I wish it might have been said that the Louisville Commission also feels that, fundamentally, our ultimate task is to achieve general acceptance of the fact that constitutional rights are personal, present, and inalienable; that they are not bestowable at some convenient time to some of the people by most of the people in a truly democratic society.

J. MANSIR TYDINGS
Executive Director
Commission on Human Relations
Louisville, Kentucky

To the Editor: Having lived for three years (while at school) in Chicago, it seems to me that the greatest "Northern problem" is that those cities are integrated physically but not emotionally. In the South, the Negro is conspicuous and disliked, but in the North he is disliked and ignored. Louisville, it seems to me, shows the progress of the North and the feeling as well as the warmth, of the South, and these go together to give integration in Louisville the qualified success so ably pointed out in Mr. Thompson's article.

REV. TOM MCGLOSHEN, JR.
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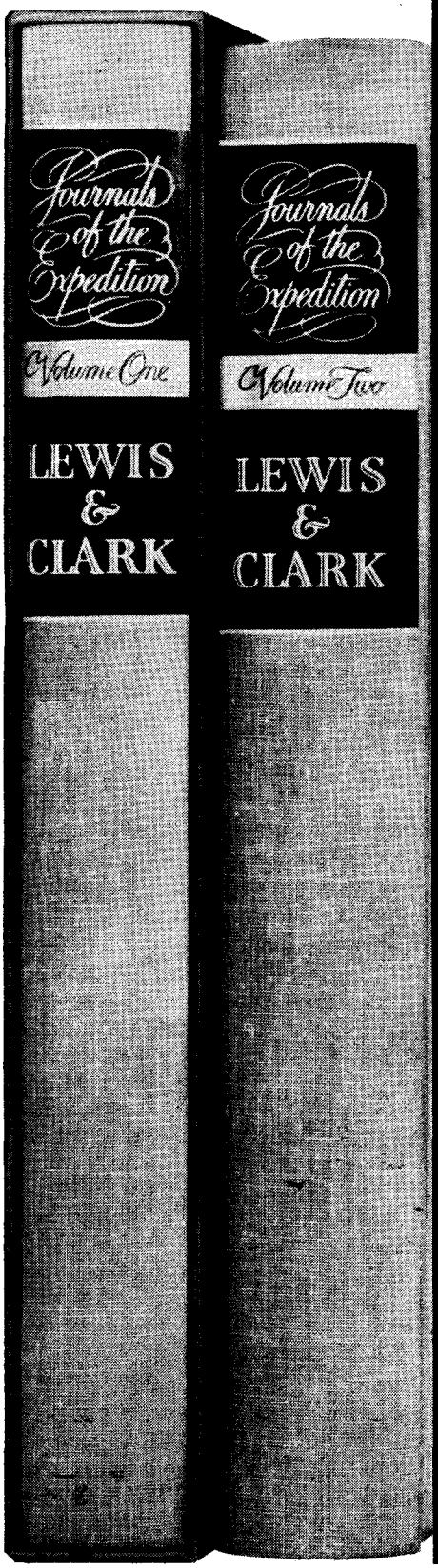

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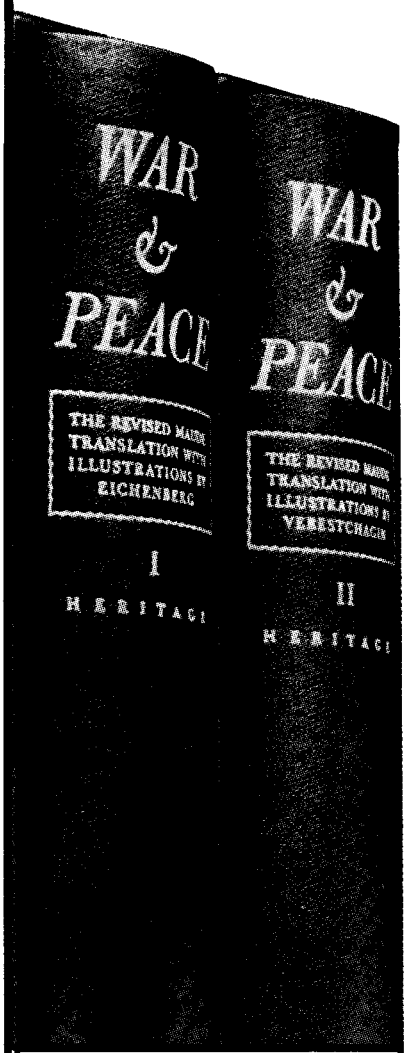

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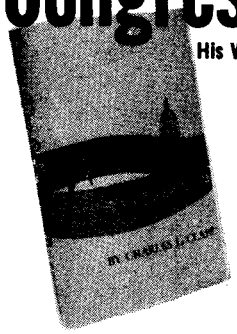

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

'If Hoffa Stumbles . . .'

A telephone call to the Washington headquarters of the Brotherhood of Teamsters quickly located the International's eleventh vice-president, Harold J. Gibbons. "He's in New York," was the matter-of-fact reply. "Do you want his phone number?" The casual tone of the conversation was surprising, since a public furor was then raging over the sudden resignation of Gibbons and five other aides close to James R. Hoffa. The controversy began when Gibbons and Hoffa quarreled about the union's official reaction to the assassination of President Kennedy. The feud was soon built up by the press into speculation about the imminent downfall of the leader of America's 1.4 million Teamsters.

Gibbons was in New York less than a week before his name was back in the headlines. This time he was a key figure in the Teamsters' continuing struggle with the Communications Workers of America for control of some 23,500 employees of the New York Telephone Company. Newspaper reports on a "palace revolt" stepped up when it was said that Gibbons was out to prove there are other organizers in the Brotherhood besides Hoffa. And his stock rose even higher with the New Year's announcement that the local CWA officials had asked their members to vote for Teamster affiliation in a special NLRB election next month. Since the Teamsters have lost three similar elections during the last fourteen months, a victory in New York would certainly lead to more press speculation about Gibbons's chances of replacing Hoffa.

Nevertheless, the prospect of a "palace revolt" is not regarded seriously by those familiar with the complexities of power politics within the Brotherhood. "The newspapers sense correctly that all is not sweetness and light," one Teamster leader confided, "but they're looking under the wrong rug." The growing tension between minor Teamster officials and Hoffa, he explained, involves the transfer of local authority to the International. This is especially true of Hoffa's current drive for a nationwide contract, which, although presumably aimed at improving wages in less prosperous areas, deprives the local leader at election time of the chance to boast about his accomplishments at the bargaining table. Equally significant but largely unpublicized is another Hoffa maneuver that requires local units to seek the approval of the International before striking. The new strike procedure was adopted last summer, but local leaders have only recently received their written orders which refer to "prompt and severe" disciplinary reprisals against those who do not obey.

"This kind of power centralization," a union lawyer has explained, "tends to reduce the local to an administrative unit and grates against the Teamsters' tradition of fierce local autonomy. Hoffa is popular enough with the rank and file now to get away with it—if he doesn't stumble, that is." Hoffa hasn't stumbled yet, of course, but more and more of his colleagues are privately convinced that the legal snare is about to close, if not early this year in Nashville, Tennessee, on a charge of jury fixing, then later in Chicago, where he is accused of conspiring to receive $20 million in fraudulent loans from Teamster pension reserves.

If this were to happen, the man who would seek Hoffa's job at the Brotherhood's 1966 convention could strengthen his appeal by demonstrating his early disenchantment with the leader, as well as his own ability as a labor organizer. Certainly a list of such candidates would include Gibbons, though no

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one, including Gibbons, is about to challenge Hoffa openly for the time being.

Profit and Politics

Congress seemed willing enough, on balance, to accept Khrushchev's signature on a test-ban treaty, but became testy, balky, and suspicious when asked to accept the same signature on an I.O.U. in connection with the sale of surplus U.S. wheat. This has reminded some Washington economists of Voltaire's observation that most people would be less disturbed at seeing their relatives killed than they would at seeing their relatives' property confiscated; it has reminded others that a small band of European financiers grew wondrously rich in the years just after the first World War by purchasing and holding to maturity Soviet government drafts. The drafts at the time were available at enormous discounts because only a select few grasped the simple fact that the maintenance of their credit was just as essential to the Russian traders as it was to their capitalist counterparts.

Trade, by normal definition, takes place when it is advantageous to both sides. But trade with the Soviets is subject to certain nuances of definition, some of them of Soviet enunciation, some of them of our own. One of the difficulties is that we see and recognize our own diversity of interests, economic and political, while at the same time we take at face value the monolithic, oft-stated purposiveness of long-term Soviet aims.

But the fact is that the Soviets have their own diversity of interests, will it or no. How we react to this objective fact is at the heart of Congress's ambivalence. Trade with the Soviets is not at all complex when an American exporter is on his own: all he wants is to show a profit. But when Washington sets the terms, the aim of the act of trading becomes less forthright, even diffuse. Then the American seller becomes a poorer match for the Soviet state trading organization. This need not happen if we decide to take time out and set a policy, or at least, as a beginning, a framework for one. The need for this will become clearer and more pressing in the immediate future, for there seems little doubt that Khrushchev's recently announced plans for large-scale expansion of the production of chemical fertilizers portend equally large-scale business deals.

What happened on the grain deal, now in its fifth month of a painful tug-of-war, is instructive. When it first broke, in mid-September, the Russians were millions of tons in the red, while we had millions of tons waiting for a well-heeled customer; the taxpayer would be relieved of future storage payments; the balance of payments would be helped; and we Americans would turn out to have been just as smart as the Canadians and assorted Europeans, who apparently keep foreign trade and foreign policy in neatly divided compartments. Besides, it was asked rhetorically, wasn't such trade in accord with western ethics?

By the end of September the grain dealers and their Congressional spokesmen were just about to open the chutes, when the U.S. shipping industry—owners, unions, and all—decided it was time they got in on a good thing. The government was persuaded to add a "50 per cent in U.S. bottoms" provision. The resulting high price dulled the Russian appetite for American wheat sufficiently so to stall negotiations. By mid-November a new issue had turned up: cash vs. credit.

By an ad hoc interpretation of the Johnson Act (which categorically outlaws credit to defaulters on U.S. loans), the administration had thought to qualify the Russians for "normal" credit transactions. But then each chamber of Congress rose in turn to keep the Export-Import Bank from guaranteeing such credit. The Senate yielded under the impact of a letter written by President Kennedy shortly before his assassination, in which he strongly opposed the suggested credit ban. Then less than three weeks later, the House resurrected and passed the ban by a comfortable margin, and it took the Christmas week and lots of Congressional travel to have the House reverse itself on December 30. The whole experience was hardly calculated to

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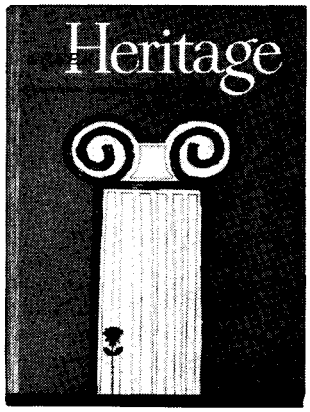

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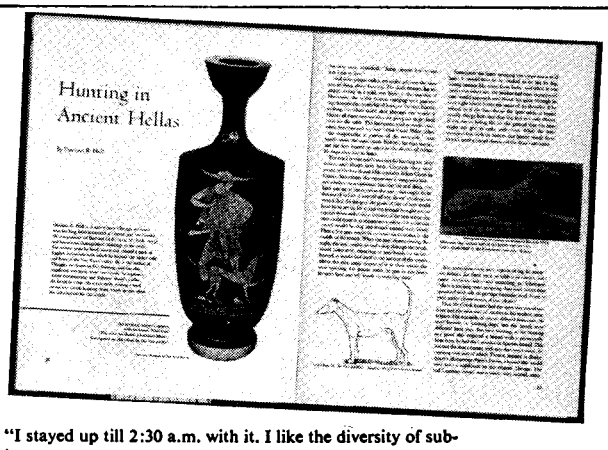

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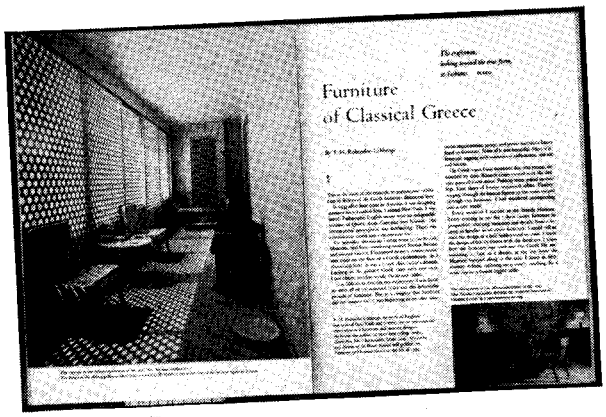

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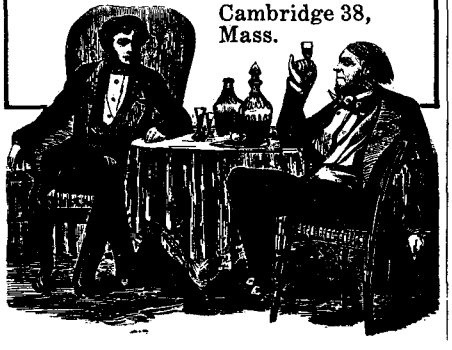

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #92

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Acrostician—

W. LIPPMANN

further the development of a rational trade policy.

Perhaps we should not have decided to sell grain to the Soviets. Perhaps sitting on our grain sacks instead would result in a major diversion of Soviet resources to nonmilitary purposes. There is no clear answer, but a well-reasoned negative judgment in the beginning would surely have been a more fortunate development than an apparently high-minded "Yes" in principle, followed what amounts to a halfhearted "No" in practice, equivocal in motivation and useless in negotiation.

Khrushchev's announcement that Russia is set on expanding its production of chemical fertilizer brings the promise of profitable exports in another segment of the economy: chemical equipment and raw materials. As in the case of grains, the producers are anxious to sell—and why shouldn't they be?—but the granting of credits in this kind of transaction is even more crucial (and more customary) than in the case of food. If we consider it harmful to our long-term strategy to sell, should we not make this the nub of our policy and say so now, rather than wait while individual deals break? But if such exports seem politically appropriate, then one must hope that no further attempts will be made to surround them with provisos designed to attest to our high-mindedness, but apt to frustrate the principal purpose. Even now Russian technicians are negotiating in various capitals, examining terms for delivery. One may take it for granted that soon the completion of major contracts will be announced. Must one also take it for granted that this will be followed first by an outcry against the British, Japanese, and other sellers and then by a frantic attempt to get into the market ourselves, and the devil take the politics?

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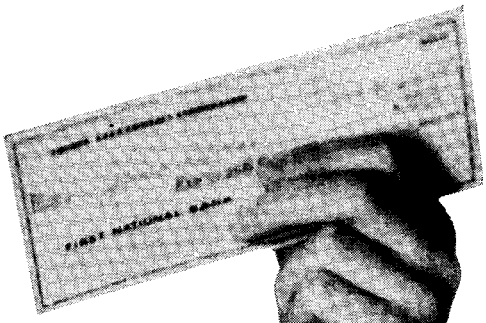

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larly partial to those retrospective personal chats with the retired great men of politics and government. "Throttlebottom Has Few Regrets as He Looks Back Over Stormy Career," the headline will read. "Mandelbaum Enjoying Life as Gentleman Farmer." We can always count on a fascinating glimpse of the peaceful new life of the politician and on an equally fascinating insight into the events in public life that preceded his retirement or his electoral defeat, or, on sad occasion, his indictment by a Federal grand jury.

At least we always thought we could count on these things. But now we must express our fear for the genre. The cause of our alarm was an article that appeared recently in the New York *Times*, called "Nixon, Happy as New Yorker, Says Job Is Law, Not Politics." It violated just about every rule for such stories, and its first violation was that, in slightly different form, it also appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The story about Nixon, happy as New Yorker, just went from bad to worse. Was it only our sensitivity, or was there not something a little *off* in his account of his latter-day enthusiasms? They were, as he put it, "theatre and music" and "that area." "I've never seen a play I didn't like," he said. Nixon was a little defensive about his new gold-plated powder-room fixtures. He said that they had been added to his apartment, as had the new powder room, without his knowledge by a decorator. Then there was the moment when the *Tribune's* enterprising reporter remarked the absence of a bust of Abraham Lincoln in the Nixon living room. Surely that was the moment for the former Vice President to reveal that, on the basis of his historical studies, which he at last had time to pursue, he thought it was time for Americans to take a hard second look at Abraham Lincoln. But what did he do? "He seemed puzzled," said the *Tribune*, "and looked around the room . . ." Then he said, "I do have one." Well, it's all over for us. We lament the passing of an old journalistic form—not to mention the return of an old politician.

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The Foreign Aid Fiasco

PAUL DUKE

A FEW DAYS after settling in at the White House, President Johnson launched an eleventh-hour counter-offensive in the foreign-aid battle on Capitol Hill. Congressional leaders were summoned for strategy sessions, recalcitrant congressmen were reached by telephone, and toughly worded communiqués were issued making it clear that Lyndon Johnson shared John F. Kennedy's dedication to the economic and military assistance program. The new Chief Executive even sat down for a truce conference with the most stubborn critic of the aid bill, Representative Otto E. Passman. Whereas President Kennedy had once taken the Louisianian on a moonlight cruise down the Potomac in a vain attempt to win his support, President Johnson tried sweet reason with no better luck.

It was a notable try, even if it didn't work. The foreign-aid fight was already lost before President Johnson took over. The LBJ powers of persuasion, so effective in the old Senate days, could not avert a disaster that had seemed imminent for weeks. Congress had been about to hand President Kennedy a major defeat on foreign aid, and it did not hesitate to deliver the same rebuff to his successor. In some ways the humiliation was worse. On the eve of Johnson's departure for his December 17 address to the United Nations, the House endorsed a cutback in U.S. contributions to the children's fund and other agencies of the world organization—an ill-timed step that undermined the President's plan to demand that the Soviet Union and other delinquent nations pay up their back U.N. dues.

So anarchical was the atmosphere in the days before the New Year's adjournment that even the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which has been clamoring for reductions in aid for years, felt constrained to protest. But the powerful voice of business and conservatism had no more effect than the President's. With the anti-aid forces in control as never before, the biggest spending cut in the program's seventeen-year history resulted in appropriation of only $3 billion of President Kennedy's original request of $4.9 billion. New restrictions imposed on the Agency for International Development were equally disagreeable to the administration. These will further circumscribe Executive freedom to distribute aid in accordance with strategic requirements and will hamper the flexibility of our foreign policy. Thus, while taxes and civil rights claimed most of the Congressional headlines in 1963, the foreign-aid fiasco stands out as the most disturbing episode of the generally unproductive and chaotic first session of the Eighty-eighth Congress.

NEWSPAPER accounts of the fiasco have been inclined to dismiss the outcome with the specious cliché that the aid program has no constituency in Congress and therefore is a prime target for economy-bent lawmakers. The facts, however, are much more complex. There is, for example, the collapse of the traditional bipartisan support for aid and the undisguised connivance of such Republican leaders in the House as Charles A. Halleck and Gerald R. Ford with Passman and others in opposition to the program. When Passman concluded his customary tirade, most Republicans in the House rose to applaud. There is, too, the strange diffidence of the Democratic leadership, so inert and so reluctant to fight. Two weeks before the aid money bill reached the House floor, Speaker John W. McCormack and his lieutenants worked hard to put over a measure to boost cotton subsidies by $300 million; in the aid fray they meekly retreated, surrendering to Passman's band with the excuse that he just couldn't be beaten.

Many aid partisans, however, believe that the basic blame lies elsewhere. In their opinion, the Executive branch must be indicted for failure to put sufficient heart, soul, and muscle into the struggle. The annual aid battle has always been something of a sham, and until this year it followed a standardized script. In the first act, the administration submitted an aid budget considerably in excess of what it expected to be allocated and which Congress knew was padded; in the second act, Congress revolted and threatened to slash the request more heavily than anticipated; and in the third act, the antagonists suddenly agreed on a sum the administration really wanted in the first place. The unhappy ending in 1963 is largely attributable, many think, to the Executive's failure to stick to the script and to follow other time-honored rules for playing the game.

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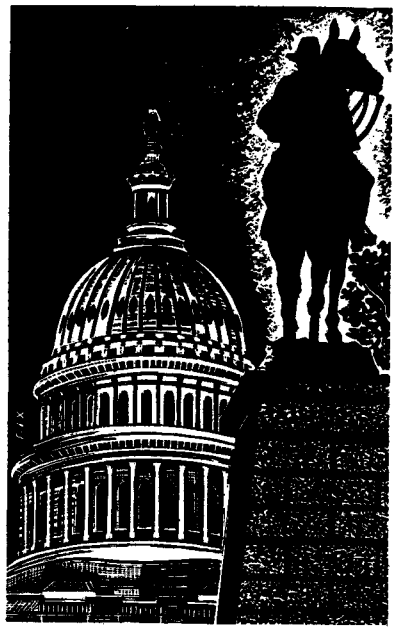
The Democrats returned to power in 1961 with much fanfare about remaking the aid program into a paragon of efficiency. President Kennedy's first aid message to Congress attempted to dampen criticism by promising "a fresh approach" that would radically revise the program's *modus operandi,* which he depicted as being "bureaucratically fragmented, awkward and slow . . . inconsistent and unduly rigid." Administration witnesses in follow-up testimony before Congressional committees spoke eloquently of "bold innovations" and "fast improvements." There was even a magic word for this get-foreign-aid-moving-again theme: it was "turnaround."

The grandiloquence was accompanied by much motion. Fifty-two days after Kennedy's inauguration, the administration proclaimed a mighty new Alliance for Progress to revolutionize Latin America, a plan that in reality was less its creation than the embodiment of ideas pushed by Douglas Dillon in his latter days as Under Secretary of State in the Eisenhower administration. The Act of Bogotá in 1960 had pledged South and Central American countries to essentially the same kind of governmental reforms and self-help steps specified at the Alliance's founding a year later at Punta del Este.

This was not all. State Department planners went about busily erasing as many reminders of the past as possible, including program titles. "Defense support," the term used for helping friendly nations maintain armies, became "supporting assistance." "Technical assistance," Harry Truman's old Point Four, reappeared as "development grants." The International Cooperation Administration became the Agency for International Development, a title that neatly supplied the sobriquet "AID" and downgraded the old political salesmanship label of "mutual security."

How Not to Support Aid

It soon became apparent, however, that the administration had promised more than it could deliver. The tipoff came when its reorganization plans were submitted to Congress. Whereas officials had talked about a consolidation of aid's proliferating branches—joining ICA, the Development Loan Fund, Food for Peace, the Peace Corps, and the Export-Import Bank's lending activities in one big department—the revamping bill actually called for little more than a merger of the ICA and DLF. Furthermore, inept attempts at streamlining the aid program machinery seemed to produce more chaos than order. Some two hundred persons in the AID Washington headquarters were fired, mostly in lower-echelon operational positions, and there was a massive reshuffling at the top to fill more than eighty executive jobs vacated by appointees from the Truman and Eisenhower administrations. The re-



placement process was painfully slow. It was October of 1961 before Kennedy found in New York lawyer Fowler Hamilton a man to take the post of AID administrator temporarily filled by a career officer, Henry Labouisse. It was spring of 1962 before all the subordinate jobs were filled.

Some of the new men soon found themselves in the wrong league. Walter L. Lingle, Jr., who left the $225,000 executive vice-presidency of Procter & Gamble to be Hamilton's deputy, departed after three months for the less confusing confines of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Hamilton himself resigned after fourteen months, and David Bell, moving over from the Budget Bureau directorship, became the third administrator in less than two years. The case of John J. Grady, a Republican holdover who was moved aside as housekeeping manager, emphasizes the managerial problems. Seven persons—including two Republicans—have tried to fill Grady's shoes since he left in 1961.

Disillusionment Sets In

Apart from the internal difficulties, administration officials underestimated the mammoth task they faced in convincing foreigners that they must set up economic planning groups, adopt meaningful development plans, and carry out land and tax reforms if they expect to continue receiving assistance. Efforts to spur private enterprise to tackle more of the task of building up backward nations ran into snags and rebuffs, and new U.S. investment actually declined in a number of countries. The mounting threat of expropriation of U.S. business property in South America at a time when assistance was being increased proved an unexpected embarrassment that further diminished enthusiasm for the slow-starting Alliance for Progress.

The failure to match promise with performance soon evoked more howls from critics in Congress, and by 1962 aid officials were starting to plead for patience and understanding in their testimony on Capitol Hill. The bullish talk of a "turnaround" was replaced by admissions that swift dramatic results were unlikely.

This floundering did more than encourage foes of foreign aid; it also disillusioned some of its supporters who felt that the administration undermined the integrity of the program with gratuitous criticism of the past and intimations of forthcoming perfection. Dennis A. Fitzgerald, who helped run the program for fourteen years until his retirement as a deputy director in 1962, summed up this feeling when he said: "The foreign aid program is a difficult . . . one under the best of circumstances. It has a solid record of performance and its future should not be jeopardized by the fanciful contention that brilliant new policies, bright new administrators, and brand new organization are going to vastly improve that performance. . . . Where would General

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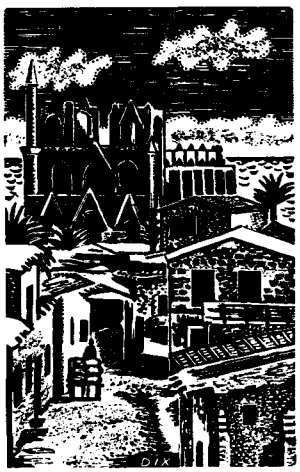
Motors or A.T.&T. or Standard of New Jersey be if these companies changed their chief executive officer once every year or so?"

The Vanished CIEG

Friends of the program have been equally dismayed by the tactics employed in behalf of the yearly appropriations measures. Certainly no one ever doubted Kennedy's personal convictions. The late President often plugged vigorously for aid bills in press conferences and speeches, and was planning to do so again on the day he was shot. There is, however, a widespread suspicion that some White House aides have not exerted the same effort in behalf of aid bills as for civil rights, taxes, and other bread-and-butter measures that bring in more votes. Some of the Executive's relations with Congress have not helped the aid program. For example, its chief ball carrier in Passman's House Appropriations subcommittee, the major fortress of aid opponents, is Representative Silvio O. Conte, a three-term liberal Republican from Massachusetts. Yet Conte is rarely consulted on strategy and on occasion has been snubbed by thoughtless underlings in AID. When the University of Massachusetts, located in Conte's district, received a $178,000 AID contract for a farm training project in Nyasaland last February, Conte read about it in his home-town newspaper in the form of a joint "announcement" by the state's senior senator, Republican Leverett Saltonstall, and the newly arrived Senator Edward M. Kennedy. Five days later Conte's office received a routine press release containing the same information.

Many aid backers think administration officials have been chary in mobilizing public support for the annual battles in Congress. True, an attempt at enlisting such support was made in June, 1961, when the two-hundred-member Citizens Committee for International Development was set up and a Washington office staffed with young New Frontier veterans of the 1960 campaign. But the unit survived less than a year. "It was a flop from beginning to end," one participant confided to me. "There were just too many amateurs who didn't know what they were doing."

More puzzling is the administration's attitude toward the demise last year of the Center for International Economic Growth, a business-backed group dedicated to spreading the aid gospel via thousands of speeches, pamphlets, and books stressing the need for building up the underdeveloped countries. The center came into being after President Eisenhower's 1958 White House Conference on aid (presided over by the late Eric Johnston and featuring such celebrities as Stan Musial, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, and Danny Kaye). So successful was the conference that, with White House encouragement, the center was established as a permanent unit to serve the dual role of educational auxiliary and liaison between business and aid programmers. "We could talk to aid people in a way the average businessman never could," a CIEG employee told me. "Businessmen seeking information about participating in aid projects frequently would find a built-in



bias against bringing in private enterprise. But because we knew how to avoid the red tape and who to see, we could often help arrange contracts and thus keep the good will of industry."

Although Douglas Dillon, Averell Harriman, and Harlan Cleveland—all now part of the Democratic administration—had been among the organizers of CIEG, some administration leaders tended to look upon the group as a Republican organ because of its origin and its president, Eric Johnston. The CIEG first ran into trouble when it sought administration help in promoting an international development exposition in Chicago. It was reasoned that such an event would dramatize the plight of the poorer nations and be seen by two to three million persons. On the basis of tentative assurances by the administration that it would sponsor an exhibit and help underwrite the costs, CIEG hired a contracting firm to make the arrangements, dispatched three salesmen abroad to recruit participants, and eventually signed up eighteen countries. Then, unexpectedly, the administration began to sound less certain about assuming the role of host. After months of dallying, the word finally came that there would be no U.S. participation because of budgetary considerations. The CIEG, which had already spent $200,000, sadly abandoned its project.

In the meantime, CIEG itself was beginning to face the problem of mere survival. With Johnston taking less interest and business contributions falling, CIEG leaders decided a new president was needed to rebuild the organization and put more zeal into fund-raising efforts. Former diplomat Ellsworth Bunker expressed interest in the job, but he was serving as an administration foreign-policy trouble-shooter, and it was uncertain when his duties would end. State Department officials were hardly helpful. Could they say when Bunker might be free? Before long, perhaps. If not Bunker, could they suggest someone else and perhaps lend an assist in recruiting? Maybe; they would see.

But weeks stretched into months and nothing happened. In financial straits and still unable to find a new president of stature, CIEG quietly closed down last April without a protest from the administration. "I'm confident they wanted us to stay in business," a former CIEG aide said, "but they wouldn't go out of their way to see that we did."

The Clay Committee

But nothing has so shaken the morale of the aid program's supporters as the episode involving the Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World—more familiarly known as the Clay Committee. Basically, it is the story of a good idea going astray and producing results opposite to those sought. The ad-

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ministration gradually evolved late in 1962 a new soft-sell approach as a means of fending off the rising criticism in Congress. The idea was to have a quick scrutiny of AID operations by a group of outstanding citizens who would recommend a few tightening-up changes that could be adopted before the 1963 battle began. Then, in their arguments to the lawmakers, administration witnesses could proudly note the improvements.

The President found the idea appealing, and so did some of his foreign-policy advisers. Others at the White House urged caution. Lawrence F. O'Brien, the top liaison officer with Congress, in particular felt that the study scheme might hurt more than it would help if the panel voiced too many complaints. In the end, the President took the gamble, commissioning the investigation on December 10, 1962.

General Lucius D. Clay, a Republican, was appointed chairman. The other nine members were Eugene Black, the outgoing president of the World Bank; Robert B. Anderson, Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury; George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO; Robert A. Lovett, former Secretary of Defense; Clifford Hardin, chancellor of the University of Nebraska; Edward S. Mason, Harvard professor; L. F. McCollum, president of the Continental Oil Co.; Herman Phleger, San Francisco lawyer and former State Department legal adviser; and Dr. Howard Rusk, New York physician and medical consultant. The line-up surprised some who felt that it seemed overly conservative. Just how this "hard look" evolved isn't clear, but it is known that Clay had a big say in choosing the members.

The committee held eight meetings, but that scarcely constituted a model inquiry. At some sessions there were more absentees than participants, and only General Clay had a perfect attendance record. Mason left for Egypt after the first few meetings; Lovett couldn't participate fully because of an operation; McCollum didn't show up until the last meeting; Meany missed all but the final two meetings because of out-of-town labor trips. Meany, who turned out to be the most vigorous defender of the program, might have been on hand at other times but for Clay's choice of meeting dates. Although Meany informed the general that he would be away for about a month beginning in late January, Clay went ahead and set the first conference for January 24—the day of Meany's departure—and scheduled five others before his return.

CLAY, given an office at AID, plainly dominated the show and did almost all the interrogating; one member occasionally snoozed. Some government officials were perturbed by what they felt was undue hostility to the program. When the League of Women Voters asked to testify in behalf of aid, the request was rejected. But Clay did accept testimony from Walter Harnischfeger, the chairman of a lusty anti-aid group billing itself the Citizens Foreign Aid Committee. (Harnischfeger's poor opinion of the program hasn't dissuaded him from accepting millions of dollars in aid contracts for his Midwest company to supply industrial machinery to India, Turkey, and other countries.)

The administration did not evince any concern about the committee's course until it saw the first draft of the unit's hastily written report early in March. The draft had been prepared chiefly by Clay with the help of William T. Dentzer, Jr., the panel's executive secretary and a friend of Ralph Dungan, the White House liaison man with AID. Not only did the document level harsh words at the program and call for reductions in spending, but it undiplomatically listed several countries that should be struck from the roster of aid recipients and recommended a sweeping administrative shake-up—the very thing that enemies of the program had been loudly demanding. Clearly, matters were out of hand, and a rescue operation seemed imperative. Clay was implored by both White House and State Department officials to tone down the critique, and there were meetings to pressure the general. "You could hear the shouts coming from the room as you walked by," an AID official recalled. But Clay balked at extensive revision, and agreement was achieved only after the report had been worked over six times. What eventually emerged was a compromise of sorts—Clay consenting to a stronger endorsement of the program and omitting mention of specific countries where assistance should be terminated, while still recommending a substantial revamping of aid procedures and cutbacks in funds.

BUT THE FINAL version was still a blockbuster. Meany issued a ringing dissent, saying that his colleagues failed to show "real understanding of the nature of the basic struggle being waged between the forces of tyranny and freedom." Under Secretary of State Harriman, in a rage, said the report should be repudiated. Many Congressional backers of aid, fearing the worst, echoed one Northern Democrat's indictment: "The administration disregarded the rule of practicality that says you never set up a serious study committee unless you know pretty well what it will recommend." Most upsetting of all to aid supporters was the critique's careless and defensive style, the generalities and contradictions—"a masterpiece in doubletalk," as Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr. (R., New Jersey), put it.

At one point, the report spoke out against aiding governments in socialistic projects while at another it called for continuation of assistance to India, the biggest example of a country receiving funds for state-sponsored endeavors. The administration was exhorted to tighten the

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terms of its loans and grants, yet to channel increased amounts through international lending agencies—where U.S. control would all but cease. The total effect, although the committee did strongly endorse the concept of foreign aid, was to cast doubt and suspicion on the entire assistance effort.

Even so, the damage might have been minimal had the administration heeded Harriman's advice and disavowed at least part of the suggestions. Instead, in the fashion of a father tolerant of an errant offspring, administration officials embraced the Clay findings, and AID administrator David Bell told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that he had "no significant difference" with its views. The administration then compounded its troubles by trying to make a virtue out of what it thought was necessity by scaling down its proposed $4.9-billion aid package to $4.5 billion—a lowering of defenses that violated even sham-battle rules.

From 4.9 to 3.0

Thus, the path was unwittingly cleared for the hatchet wielders in Congress. At one point during the five months of haggling over aid legislation a rumor was afoot in Capitol cloakrooms that the administration actually *wanted* an aid cutback to help ease the balance-of-payments problem. The bulk of the Clay critique was embraced by Passman and other aid opponents as vindicating everything they had been saying about waste and mismanagement. More significantly, old friends began to stray, with the difficulties in the Senate coming mainly from a band of disaffected liberals headed by the unpredictable Wayne Morse of Oregon.

Nothing, in fact, so epitomized the Congressional onslaught as the Senate's handling of the aid authorization bill. In this measure, Congress sets a ceiling on how much may be provided for aid outlays each year; in a second bill, the legislators appropriate the funds. Because the appropriation always is below the ceiling, the Executive naturally wants the authorization figure to be as high as possible. After the House put it at $3.5 billion, administration strategists counted on the more liberal Senate to approve a sum close to the $4.5-billion request, thus paving the way for a compromise around $4 billion. This hope, however, soon faded as senators of all opinions pounced on the administration with all the avidity of lions going for the kill.

The attack found AID under a withering crossfire of conservative and liberal pet peeves: that the agency should be "straightened out" and "reformed"; that the list of eighty-two aid recipients should be reduced to fifty or fewer; that consideration should be given to abolishing the program altogether. Only a few of the faithful, led by Minnesota's Hubert H. Humphrey, stood loyally by as torrents of abuse rained down during the three-week orgy that ended in mid-November. (It had previously taken the chamber just three hours to pass a $47.3-billion defense spending bill.)

In the end, the Senate not only barely topped the House allotment, with a $3.7-billion authorization, but went considerably further in tightening the noose of restrictions on how money is parceled out. In all, twenty-eight amendments were voted into the bill, among them new curbs on the use of military assistance, an almost total ban on even limited aid to Communist-orbit nations in Eastern Europe, and revocation of the Executive's right to relend payments on economic loans. So contentious was the atmosphere that the lawmakers voted at one point to deny funds to any country claiming fishing rights beyond the traditional three-mile limit—a rule that would have eliminated assistance to Chile, Peru, and Ecuador, which claim up to two hundred miles. While many of the restrictions were dropped in the ensuing House-Senate conference that set a $3.6-billion compromise ceiling, the antagonism made it apparent that aid backers would suffer another drubbing in the final appropriations go-round.

The most surprising feature of all the skirmishing was the revolt of the Senate liberals. For a while, Morse delivered a daily denunciation, charging in one speech that "The American people are being fleeced, rooked, cheated, and defrauded by much of the foreign-aid program." At various times Democratic Senators Ernest Gruening of Alaska, Frank Church of Idaho, William Proxmire of Wisconsin, Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, and Stephen Young of Ohio, along with Republican Thomas Kuchel of California, voted either for cuts in spending or for restrictive amendments. Granted that the rebellion reflected impatience with a program that goes on and on, and granted that the liberals sincerely hoped to improve the program by demanding a tougher policy against Latin dictatorships and a greater shouldering of the burden by prosperous Europe, the ferocity of the attack mainly served to embolden the enemies of aid and to lend impetus to the tendency to legislate foreign policy. "The big trouble in Congress is, they all think they have the magic prescription to cure all ills," an AID official said with a groan. "Nobody wants to accept the truth that by its very nature this program will always have lots of mistakes and shortcomings."

Another Committee

The irony is that the 1963 setback came at a time when the Executive was at last beginning to deliver on some of its promises. Because of reforms pushed by Kennedy, there is more lending and less granting; more loans are being repaid in dollars than in local currencies; economic and technical assistance is being concentrated in a few large, well co-ordinated projects instead of numerous smaller ones. Although the pace remains slow, a few Latin countries are instituting internal reforms. Where there is balking, our government is tougher; it held off fulfillment of a $398-million currency-bolstering loan to Brazil after that country scrapped its anti-inflation program. Serious consideration is being given to a plan advocated by David Rockefeller, among others, to launch a special peace corps of top American executives who would volunteer for duty with developing industries in poorer countries. In some countries American aid is being reduced. Fourteen nations, mostly in Western Europe, no longer are on the economic-aid rolls. Aid to Greece, Israel, Nationalist China, the Philippines, and Venezuela is scheduled to be discontinued soon.

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But obviously more must be done to quell the uprising on Capitol Hill. AID chiefs contend that another round of severe reductions will destroy the program. Hence, the White House strategy for 1964 is to placate some of the critics while undermining others. Although no government program has been so often reviewed and so often revamped—there have been eight Presidentially appointed studies and seven structural changes since 1950—Johnson has felt it politically necessary to order another study, this one headed by Under Secretary of State George Ball. The nine-man group will undoubtedly propose still more revisions, but unlike the Clay Committee, it has an unquestioned devotion to the principle of aid.

NEVERTHELESS, the Ball group is weighing substantive changes —even the dissolution of AID as an autonomous agency within the State Department and the transfer of most of its functions to State's regional divisions. At Johnson's behest the panel is considering the recommendations of Senator J. William Fulbright (D., Arkansas) for an overhaul of financing techniques, perhaps to channel more funds through multilateral agencies such as the World Bank and its subsidiary, the International Development Association. Study is also being given to a proposal of Hubert Humphrey to upgrade the Alliance for Progress to semi-independent status under the President's close friend Thomas C. Mann, the new Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. It seems probable that the Ball group will endorse a separation of economic and military assistance requests that have always been submitted to Congress in one package. This would not only please liberal Democrats, who have long argued that the military part of aid should be included in the defense budget, but would also make it easier to defend the more vulnerable economic assistance budget by holding the remaining package request to $3 billion or less. Moreover, the White House hopes that friendlier subcommittees may be given jurisdiction over Alliance and military funding, bypassing Passman's subcommittee.

President Johnson's hardest task may be to revitalize the petrified Democratic leadership in Congress. Supporters of aid see little likelihood of forestalling future disasters unless more vigor and skill are displayed in combating its opponents. Long after it was clear that the administration's fund petition would be chopped by more than thirty per cent, Speaker McCormack cryptically remarked to reporters that "a very satisfactory bill" would emerge. When Representative James C. Wright, Jr. (D., Texas), drafted an amendment to restore $50 million to the sharply reduced Alliance request, House Majority Leader Carl Albert talked him out of it, even though Wright felt sure he would win. Even Fulbright seems weary of commanding the Senate troops. The failure of Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield to give wholehearted backing is cited by many as a reason for the Senate pummeling. It was Mansfield, without White House consent, who engineered the pact with Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen to trim the ceiling $385 million below the $4.2 billion set by Fulbright and the Foreign Relations Committee—an act that reportedly "incensed" Kennedy. Then, having

made the deal, Mansfield was helpless to prevent additional cuts of $115 million. As the Washington *Post* pointedly observed, "Congress has called on the Executive to reform the administration of foreign aid, but who will reform the administration of Congress?"

There are many who think the most immediate need is for the President to commit the full resources at his command to a positive and persuasive effort to rebuild confidence in the program. Although aid is assuredly a keystone of American foreign policy, much of its acceptance is traceable to the momentum gained by the dramatic achievements of the Marshall Plan in Western Europe. Because the successes are less obvious today, the program is an easier target for attackers. For this reason, AID is emphasizing the importance of foreign assistance to the domestic economy: the 550,000 jobs it means, the billion dollars a year in exports, and the markets it is helping open up for American goods. By releasing figures on benefits to local areas, AID hopes to bring pressure on its opponents—such as Republican Representative Robert H. Michel, whose Peoria, Illinois, district has received $31,113,326 from the sale of earth-moving machinery since 1954.

A Gallup Poll last year (fifty-eight per cent in favor of aid, thirty per cent opposed, and twelve per cent with no opinion) implies that the talk about a grass-roots revolt against aid is greatly exaggerated. There is not and never has been any great outpouring of protest mail to Congress. There is other evidence: Congressman Conte, a confirmed campaigner for aid, found that eighty-five per cent of his constituents backed his stand after he employed slides and charts to dramatize his speeches. "I discovered I could lead my people," he says. "Just think what the administration could do."

IN VIEW of this, many aid strategists hope that the President will mobilize public opinion against the legislative hatchet wielders. Since the program never will be perfect, they reason that new attempts at appeasement through promises and reorganization may not work any better in the future than in the past. Already, in fact, the Congressional critics are deriding President Johnson's study group and voicing threats of more drastic action this year. Thus, no matter what the Ball Committee may recommend, it will still remain up to the President to provide the indispensable element of leadership.

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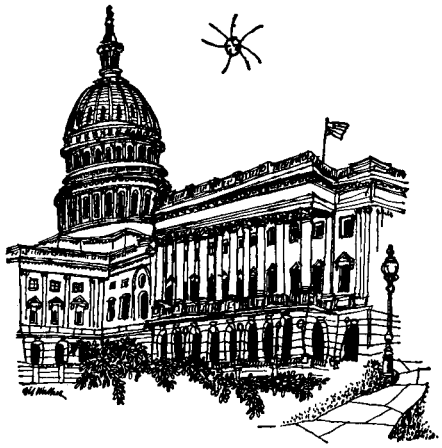

Everett Dirksen's Newest Role

MEG GREENFIELD

WASHINGTON

LATE ONE AFTERNOON as the long first session of the Eighty-eighth Congress moved toward its weary end, a group of reporters sat pooling their notes on who had said what coming out of which meeting during the day. They were trying to determine whether a real fight or merely a pro forma one was in the making over the foreign-aid appropriations bill. Representative Otto Passman (D., Louisiana), it was said, had declared at 4:05 that there wouldn't be a bill at all. But Senator John O. Pastore (D., Rhode Island) had emerged from the same meeting to say he didn't care *what* Otto Passman said. House Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck, who was to become a central figure in the struggle, had as yet said very little to the press except "Shut that goddam door!" "What about Ev?" someone asked. A reporter consulted his notes. At about three o'clock, he disclosed, Senator Everett M. Dirksen, the Senate Minority Leader, had declared: "The sun has begun to shine through the old oaken door, and the shadow of Santa is falling across the Senate."

Though Dirksen was to change this hopeful assessment as the days and nights wore on, his bonhomie never failed through four grueling days of battle. His amiability, however, was not a sign of indifference. For while Halleck seized an opportunity to embarrass and hamstring the new President by attaching an unwanted wheat-deal rider to the bill, Dirksen spent his time trying to calm tempers and to work out a face-saving formula for both sides. It was he, for example, who forestalled a Senate floor fight on the final conference report by persuading the original sponsor of the rider, Senator Karl Mundt (R., South Dakota), to accept the administration's compromise.

Who Is Dirksen, What Is He?

It is on the basis of efforts such as these that Dirksen has lately come to be praised in Washington both for his shrewdness and his responsibility. Nowadays the erstwhile do-or-die partisan from Illinois is widely regarded as one of the most influential men in the Senate, as the most effective leader the Republicans have had in years, and—in view of his impact on administration legislation—as the de facto Majority Leader. A good deal will depend on Everett M. Dirksen as the arena for action on the President's program shifts from the House to the Senate this spring.

What manner of man is Dirksen? Has he become a patsy for the Democratic administration? Many Republicans seem to think he has, despite the esteem in which he is held by his Senate Republican colleagues, including those who tried to block his election as leader five years ago. The Illinois chapter of the National Federation of Republican Women passed a resolution against him not long ago for his co-operation with President Kennedy on the test ban. His record was attacked at a recent meeting of the Republican National Committee in Charleston, South Carolina. And the Chicago *Tribune,* his former champion, has deplored his support of the test-ban treaty and "bum bonds" for the United Nations. "Is Dirksen Going Soft?" the *Tribune* demanded a while back, leaving little doubt how the question should be answered.

Democrats outside Washington, on the other hand, have not exactly rushed to Dirksen's defense (for which he is probably grateful), since except on a few of the more spectacular issues, the printed record of his votes and speeches has revealed him to be in almost constant opposition to the administration.

Which side, then, has appraised his record correctly? The answer is, neither. For Dirksen is by nature an "off the record" politician, and just as Republican militants tend to ignore the influence he exerts on administration bills by means of the bargaining process at which he excels, so Democrats do not take account of the fights he has failed to make wholeheartedly or the occasions when he has done little to restrain a small but decisive number of his colleagues from going over to vote with the Democrats on a bill. It is in the complex and all but unreportable day-by-day world of the motion-to-table-the-motion-to-reconsider-the-amendment that Dirksen has won his reputation; and the distance between that world and the world of partisan rhetoric and public posturing has apparently come to fascinate him.

IF THE IDEA of Dirksen as the key man of the center coalition is hard to square with the Dirksen of motherhood, marigolds, and the shadow of Santa Claus, it is because the question that arises in many people's minds—does he *know* when

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he's being funny?—has been given the wrong answer. In private conversation he is candid and direct. His frequent small gatherings with the press provide some of the most comic if unusable comment going on the ways of the upper house—"Now don't you write that down!" Unfortunately, what does get written down somehow loses a great deal in translation, leading people to suppose that Dirksen is a buffoon, which he is not, rather than a satirist, which he has become—of himself, of politics in general, and of pomposity in particular. He is probably the only politician in America who, having taken the advice of a public-relations man to wear thick-rimmed glasses for the purpose of looking "young," would thereupon walk into a press conference and tell reporters all about it, even going so far as to poke a finger through the lensless frames. He is certainly the only United States senator who, in his periodic surveys of the American floral situation—"the humble but beautiful petunia, the zinnia, and the calendula"—can discuss each flower as if it were a minority voting bloc, although others have taken to joining him in these rare self-parodies on the Senate floor. ("I would not desire to say anything which would discredit the marigold," Senator George Aiken of Vermont once remarked to Dirksen in debate. ". . . But the violet is a wonderful flower. So is the rose.") "Oh, get the last of this," Dirksen implored reporters who were already convulsed by his soupy praise of American wives and mothers: "I think they're the best looking, the best dressed, and they have the best taste in hats."

Though Dirksen's habit of mocking and disarming partisan passions and his willingness to help make the best possible deal for everyone have endeared him to most of his colleagues, they have also made him target for those who deplore Senate "establishmentarianism." Not long ago, in fact, Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Connecticut) rose to lament the absence of "fiery opposition" to his own party in the Senate. But Dirksen, who dismissed Dodd as the "brave crusader from the Nutmeg State," is unlikely to change his ways. For one thing, the arithmetic of his situation in the Senate would make it unwise. For another, sixteen years in the House and thirteen in the Senate have persuaded the sixty-eight-year-old senator that zealotry isn't much use in getting things done. "The oilcan," he remarked recently, "is mightier than the sword."

Whom Does He Serve?

If there ever was a man who wasn't an "oilcan," it was Dirksen's immediate predecessor as Republican Leader in the Senate, former Senator William F. Knowland of California; and Knowland's dismal record attests that fiercely held views can all but disqualify a man from effective leadership in the Senate. Knowland is remembered with resentment by Republicans in the Senate for his arrogance and for his inability to tolerate discussion, much less dissent. What have been described as his

ideological seizures were of even less use in contending with the Democratic Leader in those days, Lyndon B. Johnson, than they were in controlling and guiding his own splintered party. "It wasn't so much a case of Knowland versus Johnson," one Democrat recalls. "It was more like Knowland versus Manolete." In many ways, the more patient, responsive Dirksen has done a better job for the Republicans with thirty-three votes than Knowland was able to do with forty-seven and a President in the White House.

It was precisely because Dirksen was considered something of a Knowland himself—at least so far as his views were concerned—that a group of liberal Republicans would have preferred John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky as the Minority Leader in 1959. For Dirksen has not always been an apostle of moderation. There was a time when he could recite the catechism of Communists in government, sellout, and socialism as angrily as anyone around. He was active to the end in trying to prevent the Senate from censuring the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. And he was so bitter a partisan of the late Senator Robert A. Taft's Presidential candidacy in 1952 that some Eastern Republicans subsequently tried to prevent his coming into their states to campaign for Eisenhower. Moreover, in the first years of the Eisenhower administration he opposed the President on such key matters as foreign aid, foreign trade, and the advisability of the so-called Bricker amendment, which would have curtailed the President's power to negotiate international agreements. Gradually, however, he came to reverse a number of his stands, and as leader he functioned more in concert with Eisenhower than either Knowland or Knowland's predecessor, Taft, had done.

When Dirksen has been asked to explain his apparent transformation, he has usually pointed to altered circumstances. "The world was a little more feverish" then, he said when an interviewer asked about his former hostility to reciprocal trade. Others have adduced more practical considerations. One is that Dirksen, along with a number of other Midwestern Republicans, did not want to run for re-election in 1956 as an opponent of the ever-popular Ike. Another is that the party he came to lead in the Senate had not only dwindled but also changed in composition without the pressure of such right-wing enthusiasts as McCarthy, Bricker, and Jenner. And finally, it has been suggested that Dirksen was freed of a kind of pressure too: the pressure of ambition for higher office. While there is probably truth in all these explanations, it is also true that unlike Knowland the passionate and Halleck the combative,

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Dirksen was quick to understand and accept the enlargement of his responsibilities—first, to a national party rather than to one of its factions, and second, to the Presidency as well as to the Congress.

Even under a Democratic administration, Dirksen has refused to use his Senate post as an instrument of irresponsible electioneering. To be sure, it is the Presidency and not the Democratic Party toward which Dirksen has displayed his much-discussed sense of responsibility. Failing to understand the distinction, some Democrats challenge the notion of Dirksen's statesmanship on the curious ground that most of the time he acts like a Republican. They are quite right. Especially on such domestic matters as the financing of government programs and the regulation of business and industry, he is not only a Republican but a highly conservative one.

There was nothing ambivalent about his fight against the Medicare bill or his resistance to more stringent control over the testing and production of drugs when the matter was before the Eighty-seventh Congress. By and large, he has also been suspicious of such innovations as Kennedy's plan to establish a Department of Urban Affairs. His cooperation with Kennedy most often came on foreign affairs. Although Dirksen was a sponsor of the Bricker amendment, he clearly understands the prudence of leaving the President a relatively free hand in the conduct of foreign policy. During the recent uproar over the Soviet wheat deal—as on previous occasions during the Kennedy administration—Dirksen was one inspiration of the sort of face-saving language that said the Congress hadn't really meant to deny the President the authority to aid or trade with a particular nation; what the Congress had really meant was that he shouldn't do so unless such a move was "in the national interest."

The Friendly Enemy

A few years ago certain members of his party outside Congress attempted to transfer policymaking and leadership functions away from Dirksen and Halleck to an "All-Republican Conference." Both that challenge, which failed, and the attacks on his

"collaborationism" suggest an analogy between Dirksen under a Democratic administration and Johnson under a Republican one. Both were called upon to preside over deeply divided parties. There are differences, however, not the least of which is the meagerness of Dirksen's forces—"my thirty-three soldiers," as he calls them. Beyond that, Dirksen as Minority Leader does not have much in the way of patronage or perquisites with which to coax his troops into action. All this would seem to argue the wisdom, even the necessity, of his amiable approach as opposed to the far more strenuous one Johnson adopted. With his own colleagues Dirksen has had to avoid taking sharp and contentious positions. He has had to persuade them, cajole them, rearrange bills to their liking. Even so, on certain issues he is always likely to lose eight or ten senators from one or the other end of the party that ranges from Javits to Goldwater, so that he often finds himself operating with a minority of about twenty-five. His co-operative attitude toward the Democratic leadership has been partly dictated by necessity too: on such boring but important matters as the scheduling of bills, they could make life quite disagreeable for Dirksen.

What is remarkable is the manner in which he has contrived to turn such an unpromising situation to his advantage, asserting a high degree of control over both his divided party and the affairs of a Senate heavily dominated by Democrats. By all accounts, there have been only two serious Republican complaints about Dirksen's leadership. One was occasioned by his bailing out of the administration on the U.N. bond issue, the other by his trying to help Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield terminate a quarrel over Senate Rule Twenty-two last year. And exactly to the degree that Dirksen has been able to keep his party or a significant segment of it behind him, he has been able to use it as a swing bloc of votes between the Northern and Southern wings of the Democratic Party in the Senate. Often these days, Mansfield can't coalesce a majority at all without the support of the Minority Leader.

Dirksen's relationship with Mansfield is a complicated one, although it is based on a genuine personal friendship. For Dirksen's acquisition of power in recent years has been directly related to Mansfield's retreat from it. For all his patience, Dirksen, unlike Mansfield, can still show his claws from time to time. He is foxier than Mansfield as a strategist, and by nature he is more an initiator of action. When Senator Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) and others took on the administration's foreign-aid program this winter, Dirksen took the floor with a scathing attack on Morse. He could also be seen during the later appropriations battle reasoning with Morse and others on the Democratic side of the aisle, trying to persuade them at least to accept a timetable for debate.

DIRKSEN'S EFFORTS with regard to ratification of the test-ban treaty provide another example of the way in which he has moved into the partial vacuum left by Mansfield. He, not Mansfield, sensing what the Senate objections might be, requested that the President send a letter of assurance to the legislators. The letter, which made it feasible for many senators to go along, closely corresponded to hand-written notes Dirksen had given Kennedy on questions that he would be wise to answer. Increasingly, the Kennedy administration took to calling on Dirksen for help. What could be worked out on

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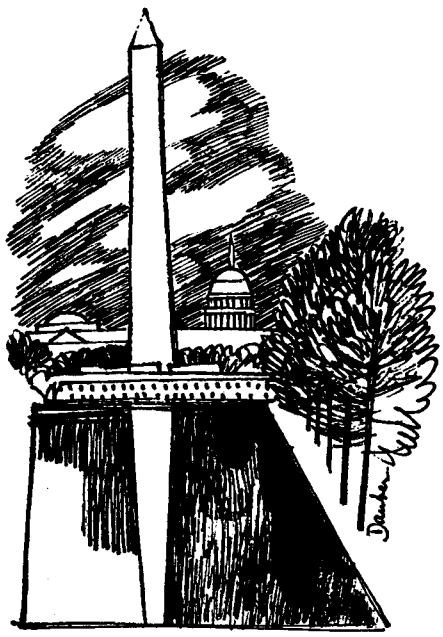
the U.N. bond stalemate? How could he help them out of trouble with the International Coffee Agreements? What could be done to soften the Lausche amendment to the foreign-aid bill cutting off aid to Communist-dominated countries? The last problem was put to Dirksen directly over the phone by Kennedy one day. Dirksen, who had voted for the amendment, conceded that it did contain some "polite mayhem." The next day he introduced, spoke for, and succeeded in getting passed an ameliorating amendment to the amendment.

In his co-operation with the administration, Dirksen generally functions as a sort of broker between the White House and his own recalcitrant colleagues. He doesn't rush in: he waits, and then he bails them out. By the time his good offices have been requested, it is possible for him to have a considerable say in the final wording of a compromise. Because he has so frequently been needed, he has also been able to bargain on more than legislative language. At the start of the Eighty-eighth Congress, for example, a move was afoot in the administration to enlarge and pack the Senate Finance Committee, where the tax bill was certain to have a long repose. Dirksen, however, had previously indicated his own desire to serve on the committee, and it was finally decided that the packing plan would be too displeasing to him to be worthwhile. His decision to go on the Finance Committee, where he could keep an eye on legislation dear to his heart, was an especially shrewd one. The administration had been urging him to take a seat on the Foreign Relations Committee, but Dirksen, who wished to maintain some independence on foreign affairs, could recognize a bear hug when he saw one.

IT WAS NOT entirely surprising that Dirksen got along so well with the Kennedy administration. He and Kennedy had long been friends in the Senate. They had served on a committee together and had even joined in introducing one of the most preposterous bills of 1955: a proposal for a plebiscite to free Northern Ireland from British control. They certainly knew each other well enough not to take too seriously their public assaults on one another. Kennedy took good care of the Minority Leader, giving him such patronage plums as a Federal judgeship and a seat on the Federal Power Commission. To the exasperation of Illinois Democrats, Kennedy seemed to be doing everything in his power to assure Dirksen's re-election over Representative Sidney Yates in 1962. The President and the Minority Leader were photographed together at a baseball game two days before the Illinois primary. On election day, Illinois papers revealed that the administration had wanted Dirksen to take a fact-finding trip around the world. And only the intervention of Senator Paul Douglas (D., Illinois) prevented the administration from announcing the appointment of Bernard Decker, whom Dirksen had sponsored for a Federal judgeship, before the election. "He calls me to the White House," Dirksen explained to the electorate during the campaign. "He sits in the rocker. I tell him what I think, right from the bottom of my heart. . . ."

Brer Rabbit *Likes* the Briar Patch

Although Dirksen does not have such a close relationship with President Johnson, they were good friends in the Senate, and Johnson has already indicated his awareness of Dirksen's importance by "dropping in" at his Capitol office for half an hour's chat. Dirksen has publicly claimed that he will work to get the tax bill out of committee early in the next session. Privately he has revealed that he doesn't plan anything so futile as Halleck's attempt to recommit the bill pending a guarantee of budget cuts.



But it is not so much the tax bill as the civil-rights bill on which Johnson will probably need Dirksen's help. To break a filibuster could take two long Senate months. To invoke cloture or at least to be able to threaten it would take sixty-seven votes. Twenty-five of those votes would surely have to come from Dirksen's side of the aisle.

What is Dirksen likely to do? Last June he announced his endorsement of the entire Kennedy civil-rights package with the exception of the controversial Title II on public accommodations. But on its way through the House to the Senate the bill has been amended to include certain other features that may be unacceptable to Dirksen. Characteristically, the Minority Leader has not telegraphed his position. As usual, he is waiting. It has been speculated that he might accept some modified public-accommodations provisions. Very likely the bill will be somewhat trimmed to suit him in the course of Senate floor action and then passed with his support. It is also very likely that he and President Johnson will earn a lot of criticism as compromisers, as they did for their efforts before, and there is almost certain to be much denunciation of the wayward ways of the Senate.

Such charges have bothered Dirksen in the past, but they have never moved him. The less seriously he takes his own public image, the more seriously he takes his important Senate role. And if there is one view he is never likely to change, it is his contempt for critics of the "club" and would-be reformers of the Senate.

"Ha, ha, ha," he said recently when reporters asked what he thought of a proposal for reform, "and I might add: ho, ho, ho." If he seems somewhat extreme in his defense of Senate procedures, it may be because he likes them the way they are. It's a complicated game, to be sure, but few men have played it as skillfully as Everett Dirksen.

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The Land-Grabbers of Cali

JOHN P. POWELSON

CALI, COLOMBIA

Driving through the slums of this large industrial city, I suddenly found myself at a dead end before a vast field populated by thousands of people in tiny makeshift huts. The blue Andes soared along the horizon, and a ceiba tree towered eighty feet above the encampment, its branches providing the only shade on the sun-drenched flatland. Before I could think of turning around, my car was surrounded by two or three hundred ragged-looking men and women.

I had read about land seizures in the newspapers, but here was the reality. These men and women had obviously seized this land and meant to hold it. Their first thought could only be that anyone arriving in a car must have come to take it away.

A young man with a homemade green armband inscribed "Junta Directiva" worked his way up to the car. He was thin, with dark wavy hair and a lined forehead. "My name is Reynaldo Polonía," he said. "I am the leader of this project. May I ask who you are?"

I explained that I taught courses on Latin-American economic problems to college students in the United States, and that I wanted to find out at first hand about movements for land reform.

"Then welcome to Nueva Colombia," said Polonía. "This land is not ours, but we mean to buy it. These people have no homes, and those who own the land are not using it."

As we walked onto the invaded property, the crowd of ragged people followed us, now appearing more curious and hopeful than menacing. Closer inspection revealed that the shacks, called *chocitas,* consisted for the most part of four sticks pushed into the ground at the corners of a rectangle, with a cloth for roof. They were about three feet high and averaged the size of a pup tent. Some were made of paper. There was a family close to or under each *chocita,* and a large floating population wandering around.

"Plots have been assigned to 2,774 families," Polonía told me, "but there are at least thirty-five hundred here, which means upwards of twenty thousand people. The field is 136 acres, and we don't have nearly enough room for everybody." I asked if he wasn't worried that twenty thousand idle people might get out of control. He admitted that this was Nueva Colombia's greatest concern.

Polonia had to go to City Hall to continue his negotiations, but he left me in the hands of Próspero Páez, the secretary of Nueva Colombia, whom I asked if the council belonged to a wider movement, and whether it was related to land seizures in Venezuela, Brazil, or Peru.

"No," said Páez, "we have only vaguely heard of invasions on the farms of Colombia, let alone other countries. Ours is a city problem."

I already knew about the fantastic population growth in Cali. In 1905 it was a small town of twenty-five thousand, but by 1950 it had grown to almost 300,000. Since 1938 the growth rate has been about 8.5 per cent a year, and the best estimate for each of the last five years is ten per cent. Its population was probably more than half a million by 1960. The excess of births over deaths is responsible for only about forty per cent of this increase, the remaining sixty per cent coming through migration.

Migration from country to city is a phenomenon throughout Latin America. But in Colombia it is intensified by the violent fighting between Conservative and Liberal villages, which has scared thousands of country people into the "safety" of the city, where the scarcity of houses has caused even slum rents to soar.

"There are whole families in Cali that sleep under the bridges of the River Cauca and in the parks," Páez told me. "At the same time, much private property is not being used or sold, just held for speculation."

"Once you had found this land," I asked, "how did you decide who would have which lot?"

"There were interviews," Páez explained, "and meetings, and instructions, and lists of families. The word spread around. But when the day finally came, we just assigned the lots to the first people who were there."

The invasion had taken place on Tuesday, September 3, 1963. Polonía and his assistants had studied the city's development plan and knew where roads were projected. Early in the morning the families lined up along invisible streets and were spaced regularly on lots of about twenty by sixty feet. By nightfall all had staked out their claims and drawn boundaries with string or wire, or by digging a shallow ditch.

When all the lots had been allocated, a short meeting was held at which a few simple rules were announced. There would be no liquor on the premises, no violence, and all disputes to be settled by the governing council. Law and order was the responsibility of fifteen men selected as the Brigada de Orden.

'We Do Not Want to Steal'

"Would you like to take a walk through Nueva Colombia?" asked one of the young officials, Ejidio Restrepo, who looked even younger than his twenty-two years. Wherever we walked we were in the midst of a circle of thirty to forty people, all wanting to talk to me and especially to know my opinion of what they were doing. "We do not want to steal this land," they explained several times. "We will pay for it. All we ask is the opportunity to buy."

"How much will you pay?" I asked. "Each of us will pay ten pesos a week for fifteen years," one of them replied. "Yes, ten pesos," another added. Since the peso is worth ten cents, they were offering a dollar a week, or a total of $780. "That is a fair price," another said, "but no one will sell the land. So we must take it."

We paused for a moment at the *chocita* of Ruth and Progenio Castillo. "I have seven children," she

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said, "My husband has been sick for three months. He is with relatives, but they do not have room for all of us. So I have come here to help us find a place."

"Even if they have jobs, thousands of families in Cali cannot afford to pay rent," Restrepo said. Such a case was that of Alvaneri Villegas. Her *chocita* was made of paper and had a paper Colombian flag on top. "My husband is a shoemaker," she told me. "He earns two hundred pesos a month, and we had to pay forty for rent. You should see the house we got for those forty pesos! And you can't feed and clothe six children on 160 pesos a month."

Nearly all the invaders at Nueva Colombia were from Cali, but most were born in towns and villages of the Cauca Valley, usually not more than a hundred miles away. "We came to the city," the people I asked would say, "because we were starving in the country. But now we are starving in the city."

"Señor, Señor!" a man called as we walked on through the encampment. "Are you from the Alliance for Progress?"

"No, I am not," I said, "but I am from the United States, and I have friends who work in the Alliance."

"They have forgotten us," he said sadly. "They do not find land for us."

"But the Alliance for Progress is building homes, schools, and roads in your country," I countered, for in fact the Alliance is making more progress in Colombia than in most of the Latin countries. "Only yesterday I saw a row of houses, clean and painted, that the Alliance has built."

"Yes," said another, "but they are for the rich. Do you know how much an Alliance house costs?" I did, but I let him tell me. "Fifteen thousand pesos," he said accurately. "And of this you have to pay seven thousand in cash."

"Who of us has seven thousand pesos?" another asked, showing the palms of his hands in a gesture of futility. "Yes, the Alliance for Progress is for the rich," he added. "It has not touched the poor."

We had now reached the church. It was a framework of flimsy wood, bowed over into an arched roof about six feet wide by twelve feet long. At one end was an old wooden table bearing a picture of Christ. "All it lacks is walls and a roof," one of my companions said, "but we can pray without those."

"Do you have any political support?" I asked Restrepo.

"We are apart from politics," he replied. "If a politican will help us, we will accept what he can do. But if all he wants is to harangue, we will have none of it. A Communist did come," he went on. "He stood on a box and started to make political speeches. So I asked him if he had any friends at City Hall who could help us buy our land. He did not. All he knew how to do was get our people excited, and we don't need that. So the council asked him to get out."

Army of Disoccupation

Just as I was about to leave, Polonía, who had returned from the city, sidled up to me and whispered, "Come back tomorrow. The army will be here to move us out." When I looked at him incredulously, he answered my tacit question. "We have our intelligence sources," he said. "We know."

When I returned the next day, people were talking in low voices, and council members were conferring with each other anxiously. There was tension in the air. A massive man of about thirty-five walked up to me and shouted, "I have been without work, without home, for seven years!" He held up his hands menacingly, as if I were the cause, and began shouting louder. Out of the crowd came a man with a green armband. He took his neighbor by the elbow and led him away, subdued and childlike. Not a word had been spoken.

A large Colombian flag was being waved in the middle of the field, and men, women, and children began moving toward it. It was held by young Restrepo, who in Polonía's absence presided over the meeting to make plans for the day. Polonía was downtown, checking on developments at City Hall.

"When the army comes," shouted Restrepo, "everyone will go to his *chocita* and sit down. We will all sing the national anthem and do nothing. Remember, if there is violence we have lost. Do not oppose the army in any way. Obey their orders and show them respect. When they ask you to leave the field, go off peacefully. Stand at the edge and wait. The army will not stay forever, and when they have gone, we will come back."

I wondered whether twenty thousand men, women, and children would obey the orders for nonviolence given them by a twenty-two-year-old boy who looked more like eighteen. I was soon to find out.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a dust cloud arose on the dirt road leading through the slums. The army was coming! Children ran to their fathers and mothers, and all the families went to their *chocitas*. Those without lots stayed under the ceiba tree.

Everyone began to sing the national anthem as the first military truck rolled in. A second truck came, and then a third. Each was filled with armed soldiers. All told, there were ten trucks with more than two hundred soldiers. The trucks stopped and the soldiers dismounted to line up in formation. The men and women stopped singing, and a man jumped onto a box and began talking. "Our spirit is too strong to be beaten by an army!" he cried. "Even if the army stays for months we, too, will watch for months, and when they go we will still be here." The crowd shouted and waved in applause. As they resumed the national anthem, two soldiers walked over and arrested the speaker for disturbing the peace.

The soldiers were now being deployed around the field. With no sign of emotion, soldiers walked from *chocita* to *chocita,* asking the families to leave. Without a word, each family obeyed. Almost casually, they strolled over to the sidelines and waited. A woman with a baby burst into tears, and several others went over to comfort her.

On one side of the field was a six-foot embankment. Men, women, and children walked up to it, forming a line several feet deep, about half a mile long. They just stood, silent. Only once did I hear that silence broken. It was when the army soaked the first *chocita* with gasoline and touched a match to it. Soon the field had been entirely cleared of civilians, and fires were breaking out everywhere.

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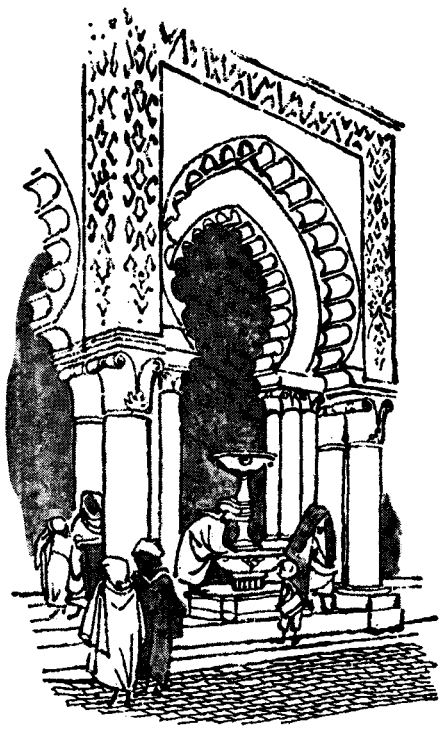

Iran: Remolding a Nation Nearer to the Heart's Desire

H. B. BLOOMER

TEHERAN

THERE ARE TIMES when the news is that there is no news, and there has been perhaps no time in the recent history of Iran when this observation was more appropriate than after last September's elections, which returned to parliament an overwhelming majority of candidates in favor of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi's ambitious six-point program of social, economic, and political reform. There was, to be sure, no reason whatever to expect that the election might have turned out other than it did, for the Shah, acutely aware of the tumult and disorder that accompanied previous elections, had prudently arrested all opposition leaders not already under detention, and also reinforced security forces in areas where reactionary elements might be expected to try to foment unpleasantness. There was also a judicious curtailment of electioneering, campaign oratory, and similar activities.

The elections, in short, represented a minor but nonetheless genuine triumph for the kind of straitjacketed democracy that the Shah and his reform-minded fellow progressives feel is presently appropriate for the realm he rules from the Throne of the Jeweled Peacock. The elections also ended a twenty-eight-month period of rule by royal decrees that followed the Shah's dissolution of the country's last elected parliament, a remarkably homogeneous assembly of right-wing landlords, sullenly retrograde mullahs (religious leaders), and other dogged opponents of the Shah's plans for reform and progress.

To prepare for last September's elections, the Shah had taken his so-called "White Revolution" to the country in a referendum held the preceding January. Immediately unrest broke out; just as immediately the Shah's obedient premier, Assadullah Alam, moved to subdue it. Four days before the balloting, Teheran police dispersed an anti-reform program protest meeting of businessmen, mullahs, and landlords. On January 24 the police again clashed with the mullahs in Teheran and quelled a fight of some two thousand stick-wielding workers and Teheran University students. The workers, supporting reform, had invaded the university campus to break up a demonstration of students carrying placards opposing the national referendum. On the same day Allahyar Saleh, leader of the National Front (consolidated in the early 1950's by the memorable Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh) was arrested along with nine members of the group's central committee. Finally, the Shah took pains to visit the pilgrims' city of Qum the day before the referendum to distribute land and inflict a merciless tongue-lashing on the clergy. The clergy were particularly aghast at the Shah's proposals for the emancipation of Iran's women, including the right to vote.

The referendum passed heavily in favor of reform, but just how accurately it measured the national temperament has been questioned on several occasions. On March 18 there was further resort to obstructive tactics when tribal chiefs in the vicinity of Shiraz in southern Iran rebelled against having their lands seized without compensation. Forty-four persons, including ten policemen, died in the ensuing clash. Exacerbated by a prolonged drought, the incident developed into something like a revolt. Tribesmen began systematically sabotaging land reform; army and paratroop columns took three months to "mop up" the situation.

The most violent disturbances came on June 5 and 6, when the mullahs led anti-government riots in Teheran, Qum, and Shiraz in which eighty-six were killed and over two hundred injured. As a result martial law was imposed in Teheran and Shiraz, and the Shi'ite Moslem leader Ayatollah Khomaini was arrested, along with his top aides and thirty mullahs. Three days later, thirty more mullahs were jailed. By now the scene was set for a calm election.

THE ABSENCE of disorder was not the only notable development in the September elections. Election-law reforms approved by the referendum were enforced rigidly. For

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the first time, all the balloting was completed on a single day instead of being dragged out over a period of weeks. The rationalization for the old practice had been that time was needed to allow villagers and tribesmen living in remote and inaccessible areas to travel to a polling station. The net effect, of course, was that reactionary elements had time to do their rigging thoroughly.

Another innovation was the introduction of voter registration and a system of electoral cards. Each person who intended to vote had to obtain his card, one half of which was taken when he cast his ballot. This stratagem effectively ended one of the favorite practices of past elections, that of voting early and often by being driven about in a truck or bus to cast a succession of ballots. As one Teheran newspaper put it, "No longer are votes cast by persons who are mere infants or, on the other extreme, deceased!"

When September 17—election day—arrived, there was only one slate of royally approved candidates, those nominated in a four-day congress assembled in Teheran by the Union of National Forces. This coalition of four groups—they cannot properly be called parties—represented farmers, laborers, women, and a portion of the intelligentsia called the "Progressive Center." Together they announced a common slate of 193 candidates, one for each of the constituencies across the country. With the five seats reserved for the religious minorities—Armenians (two), Jews, Assyrians, and Zoroastrians—the total in the Majlis, the lower house, is 198.

A few scattered constituencies were contested by candidates terming themselves "independents," but they were unco-ordinated and sponsored no common platform. The only platform put forward by the National Union coalition was a brief statement supporting the Shah's reforms. Political rallies were barred, since the martial law imposed in June was still in effect; it was lifted for ten hours on election day. The majority of the National Union candidates were rank political amateurs unknown to the general public. A campaign, in the western sense, never took place.

The returns produced the expected results. Independents managed to take eight seats in the lower house, while the remaining 185 went to the National Union. In the senate, where thirty members are appointed by the Shah and thirty are elected, the same picture prevailed. Consequently, what occurred was not an election at all, as the people were not choosing from among meaningful alternatives. For most Iranians the choice was not *for whom* to vote but *whether* to vote.

Many did not.

Last January, when women still did not have the vote, more than five and a half million Iranians went to the polls to decide the referendum. Less than half that number voted on September 17, including women. The electorate's lack of acquaintance with the candidates, plus a certain skepticism that the conduct of these elections would materially differ from that of the past, is a partial explanation. But it cannot account for the voter turnout diminishing by half when the electorate had doubled in size.

The answer lies in the fact that all the various separate and disconnected elements that have any grievances against the present régime

—having learned what fate awaits them if they precipitate violent disturbances—boycotted the election.

Anatomy of Reaction

The reform of the electoral laws, then, is perhaps the most important, structurally, of the Shah's six-point program. The other five may be broken down into two general categories. In the first category are those reforms (the emancipation of women and the redistribution of feudally controlled landholdings) which are the most violently opposed by the Shah's reactionary opposition. In the second category are those which may be said to be least objectionable to everyone concerned. These are nationalization of Iran's forests; the sale of government-owned factories to private investors, a kind of reverse nationalization of industry; and a twenty-year literacy program similar to that introduced in Turkey.

Inevitably, it is the Shah's plans for the emancipation of women that have produced the shrillest and most outraged howls of protest and indignation from the mullahs. In no country in the Middle East today are women held in such low esteem by men as in Iran, where even the Shah wryly admits they are "classed with the mentally retarded or the insane on account of their sex." Except in Teheran, few women dare leave home without wearing the traditional *chador,* a wraparound sheetlike garment veiling the entire body. Teaching is the only respectable profession for them.

In a move to bring this half of his population actively into the productive life of the country, the Shah has given them the vote and the right to run for office at the same time. Nor were the ladies hesitant about availing themselves of their new-found rights. Six female candidates were nominated for the lower house in September's election—three from Teheran and one each from three different provinces. All six were voted in. This has produced a state of trauma among many of the menfolk, particularly the mullahs, Moslem clerics of generally limited education and theological training who hold widespread authority among the masses.

Indeed, opposition to land redistribution and women's rights was the origin of the several disturbances that shook Iran during and after the January referendum. The organizers of these agitations have almost invariably been mullahs, who are opposed to emancipation of women ostensibly on the ground that it violates the teachings of the Prophet Mohammed. In reality, they see their powerful positions threatened by a move which in other Islamic

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countries has led to further secularization and decline of religious authority.

Ever since the echoes of the Russian Revolution of 1905 began to awaken Iran from its medieval slumber, the mullahs have agitated for retrogressive social customs, encouraged fanaticism, and engaged in politics—not stopping short of assassination. In a private interview last September at his summer residence in the foothills just north of Teheran, the Shah did not disguise his belief that his "most formidable opposition" is in the ranks of these ultraconservative religious leaders. He told a reporter, "I am afraid they may not be dislodged or changes made for another generation."

PLAYING a less conspicuous but essential role in the demonstrations were the businessmen and landlords whose financial backing made them possible. The landlords are particularly incensed because they have become the dupes of their own trickery. By traditional practice they have evaluated their lands far below their actual worth to avoid payment of high property taxes. Now they are being compensated for the confiscation of their holdings at the values which they themselves put on them.

Aside from the state itself, the largest single owner of cultivated land, Iranian farmland is principally in the hands of absentee landlords. These aristocrats, many of whom own ten to thirty or more villages, have for centuries exploited their serfs (the word is now forbidden in Iran). The peasants, in turn, have lost their individual initiative. They have become resigned to hard work and, comforted to some extent by their religion, fatalistic toward discomfort.

Most of the villagers, in debt beyond hope to their landlords, receive only a small fraction of any additional output. Their sharecropping system is based on the five items essential to the growth and harvest of the crops: land, seed, irrigation water, draft animals and tools, and labor. It is said that normally the landlord provides the first two and receives two-fifths of the crop, but not infrequently he provides all of them except the labor and receives four-fifths.

A sociologist wishing to study the consequences of imposing the beginnings of twentieth-century industrialism on a tenth-century agricultural society could find no better place than Iran. Realizing the implications of this and as a first step in a general land reform, the Shah has moved to divide the large landholdings among the peasants working them. He began by distributing some of his own lands more than ten years ago. To date only somewhat more than two million of Iran's forty-two million cultivated acres have been handed out to sixty-six thousand families. But at least it is a beginning.

OF THE THREE REFORMS in the second or less objected-to category, the proposal to nationalize the forests seems to be the least disputed. Iran's forests cover only ten per cent of the country (compared to thirty-four per cent in the United States) and desperately need protection against the nomads and villagers who cut and burn the trees for charcoal to be sold as fuel to fire the *kursi*. The *kursi* is a brazier placed beneath a low circular table in each home during the long winter months. On top are draped the household quilts. Under them all the family members sleep with their bodies radiating like spokes as from the hub of a wheel, only their heads exposed to the cold. A quaint custom, but particularly unreasonable in view of Iran's petroleum resources. The reform aims at halting the destruction and increasing the production of forest products, presently valued at $50 million annually.

The Shah's plan to sell government-owned factories to private investors provides that the proceeds be used to finance other parts of the reform program, particularly land expropriation. This was long ago suggested by the New York firm of Overseas Consultants, Inc., as a potential source of revenue for carrying out development projects. The operation of industrial plants has never been profitable for the government because political influence has too often been exercised on their management policies. Included in this change is a controversial profit-sharing provision, strongly opposed by Iran's small but emerging class of business industrialists, whereby workers could receive as much as twenty per cent of their factory's net profits.

The literacy program will send up to six thousand high-school graduates a year into the provinces to combat illiteracy instead of serving in the army. Eighty-two per cent of Iran's twenty-one million people, most of them peasants or nomadic tribesmen, can neither read nor write. One of the country's most reform-minded economists, Dr. Jahangir Amuzegar, cites ignorance as one of the major factors that "have made these people stagnant, custom-ridden, superstitious, and suspicious." Already twenty-five hundred "sergeant-teachers" are at work.

Army, Police, and People

The Shah's liberal opposition, which is small but growing, makes constant use of the charge that while the ruling clique is inordinately wealthy and growing more so, the massive U.S. aid going into Iran has done almost nothing to change the lot of the seventy-five per cent of the people who live in remote villages and small towns. More than $1.5 billion in economic and military assistance —enough to have given every man, woman, and child $75, or more than half the per capita income of 1962—has been poured into Iran since the war. But in spite of well-publicized crackdowns, no one has succeeded in ending corruption.

A concomitant accusation heard from the Shah's liberal critics is that U.S. military aid going to Iran is not

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welcomed primarily as a means of countering potential Soviet aggression. Rather, they say, it is accepted as a means of creating a military force capable of suppressing any revolutionary attempt against the oldest monarchy in the world. The "Made in U.S.A." equipment, including tanks, to be seen everywhere during the early June demonstrations is ample testimony, they say.

It is certainly true, as I personally observed while visiting the sensitive region of southern Azerbaijan last summer, that Sabre-jets supplied by Washington for CENTO defense were being used daily to harass the Kurdish tribesmen. It is sometimes painful to explain to a passionately involved student that aid policies designed to counter Soviet aggression which also sustain the monarchy are not necessarily inconsistent in the eyes of Washington diplomats primarily concerned with mutual security.

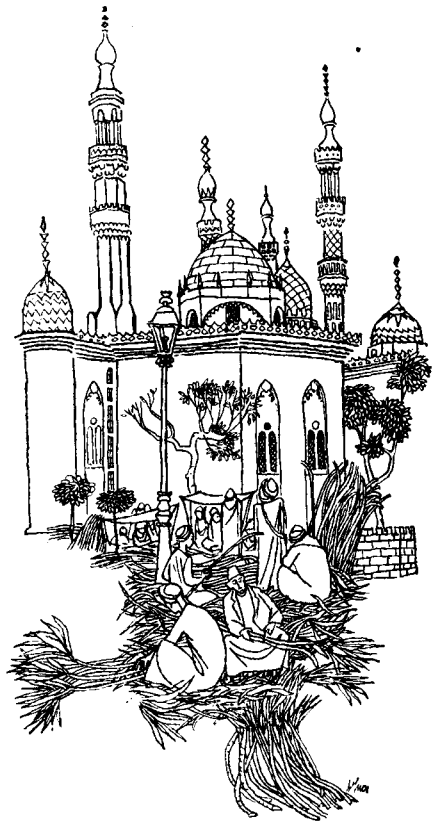
FOR HIS PART, the Shah has evinced a growing awareness of the limitations imposed on him by the general social and political situation. In his reforming efforts he has found himself unable to rely very much on a large part of the educated elite, with the result that student demonstrators have been handled increasingly with strong-arm methods. He is no longer under the illusion that he must pamper any particular element. Therefore he has chosen to take his "White Revolution" directly to the middle and lower classes, who stand to benefit most from it.

Doing so, of course, has added further insecurity to an already precarious position. Uneasy lies the head of any monarch with powers neither totalitarian nor merely nominal. Nevertheless, the outcome of last year's referendum-inspired riots clearly demonstrates that the danger of a Teheran mob overthrowing the government and forcing the Shah out of the country, as in 1953 under Mossadegh, is not great. The possibility of an assassin's bullet finding its mark remains, but that of the Shah's hand being forced has faded.

Asked lately if he ever thought of throwing it all up and voluntarily taking off to quiet exile somewhere, the Shah replied, "Less and less."

The Shah makes full use of SAVAK, his secret police force, which has penetrated into every corner of Iranian life and presents all the comic, frustrating, and infuriating aspects associated with police-state tactics anywhere. It is the Shah's information arm and has become more and more professional every year.

This is one of the features of life in Iran about which no one, not even the most recently arrived tourist, is ignorant. SAVAK was established in 1957 at the behest, it is widely believed, of the U.S. government. A foreigner must register with SAVAK immediately upon arrival, and travel is not permitted without a pass card detailing the itinerary. Deviations from this itinerary, prolonged so-



journs in one area, or off-beat idle questions are cause for immediate suspicion and may place an agent on your track.

Closely connected with SAVAK is the army which, supplied and trained by American specialists, supports the Shah with enthusiasm. As its commander-in-chief, he is in close contact with its officers. They enjoy special privileges and know that they would be fools to criticize him.

Equally loyal are the common soldiers. A teacher caught inside Teheran University last spring during one of the student demonstrations that had to be subdued by army units walked among the soldiers after it was over. She inquired why they had been so brutal in their handling of the students. Of the various answers, the most vehement she received was from a soldier who said: "Those boys cursed the Shah. I'll kill *anyone* who curses the Shah!" His companions muttered their approval.

Easily as important as the services of the secret police and the loyalty of the army are the support and devotion the Shah receives from the common people. One has to get away from the two million in Teheran and go among the villagers, peasants, minor craftsmen, small merchants, lottery-ticket sellers, and porters to learn whence the Peacock Throne derives its power today.

On balance, it appears that the Shah's position is strong, the internal situation is under control, and by royal decree domestic reform is moving ahead. Why, then, does the Shah even bother with the appearance of democracy? Why did he bother calling elections?

Practical politics is obviously part of the answer. Since the revolutionary movement of 1906, Iran has possessed a constitution that requires a legislative assembly. Although the Shah has the right to dissolve that assembly, the country had been more than two years without one. The calling of elections was a concrete way of answering his critics' contention that the constitution is dead.

Guided Steps

As a symbol of greater domestic stability, the opening of the Majlis has paved the way for new loans from abroad. The economy sadly needs stimulation. Both Washington and the World Bank were pointedly stingy with development credits during the twelve months preceding the election, causing work to be suspended on several major projects like the Central Treaty Organization railway to link Turkey, Iran, and Pakistan. The administration of the third Five-Year Plan found a quarter of its budget diverted last year to satisfy the voracious appetite of non-development agencies. Private in-

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vestment, never popular with skeptical Iranians, dropped drastically as a result of the threat posed by the Shah's profit-sharing reform and the various disturbances early in the year.

If it were not for Iran's abundant oil revenues (currently $1 million a day) and continuing U.S. aid, the economic situation would be critical indeed. The Shah obviously hopes that the seating of parliament will entice the loans from abroad he needs to prime the pump once more and bring the country out of recession.

Undoubtedly there was an element of idealism in his decision to hold elections; certainly electoral reforms have a definite place in the Shah's scheme of things. He is immensely proud of the country he rules. He delights in pointing out to foreigners—and in reminding his own people at every opportunity—that Iran is the inheritor of 2,500 years of history, beginning with Cyrus the Great and Darius at Persepolis, during which the Iranian national identity has never been lost.

Yet this pride does not blind him to the fact that what his country needs is a dramatic sense of national purpose and a unifying mission that will build the social institutions necessary to support a democratic society. He is convinced that the essence of this mission must be a discipline which, since it is not forthcoming from the people, he is justified in imposing on them.

ONE RESULT of these convictions is the recent elections, in which, as we have seen, the candidates were screened by SAVAK and the opposition jailed. The outcome was an orderly election that threw out the Old Guard and seated a co-operative Majlis composed for the first time of representatives of many different occupational and social classes: civil servants, workers, farmers, land-reform officials, women, and guildsmen. The Shah hopes to create in this manner a tradition of peaceful elections and honest balloting which, as the new literacy campaign and other reforms begin to take hold and the effect of economic development projects begins to reach the masses, will facilitate the achievement of a western-style democracy. For now, it must remain a promise.

Yankee Fans In Yerevan

LINDA GOTTLIEB and GEORGE FEIFER

YEREVAN, the capital of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic, is a sunbaked, dusty, disinctly un-Russian city where on clear days Mount Ararat is easily visible across the Turkish border. In spite of construction everywhere, Yerevan is a kind of glorified Potemkin village: a few blocks from handsome new pink-stoned government buildings, people live along the river in huts surviving from Armenia's Biblical past, and the atmosphere of a sleepy sheep-tending settlement still prevails.

We had traveled more than seventeen hundred miles for a vacation from study and work in Moscow, and we set out early on our first morning to see the city. We had taken just a few steps across the enormous, empty Lenin Square next to our hotel when a Soviet worker in typical padded-shouldered jacket and stubby shoes rushed up to us and announced that he was an American named Joe.

Joe was indeed an American, Bronx-born and raised—"How are the Yankees doing?" was one of his first questions—and before he hurried off to work, he asked us to meet him later so that he could explain what he was doing in Yerevan. When we met again that evening, Joe asked us to go home with him. He lived in a run-down two-story house on the edge of town. With its splintering door and sagging rooms it might have stood in back-street Baltimore. Joe's family (we shall call them the Mandalians) were waiting nervously as we arrived: his father and uncle, skinny shrunken men in prewar American suits; his plump mother; and a timid teen-aged sister. The apartment was dark and depressing. Everything of note in it was American: an ancient Norge refrigerator with exposed coils, a wooden General Electric radio, a stack of yellowed book-club novels. We sat in a circle in the living room on tattered and now understuffed chairs, and listened to their story.

Home Is Across the Sea

Joe's parents were born in a part of Armenia that is now in Turkey. They emigrated to America after Armenia's time of troubles in the 1920's, settling in the Bronx. There they prospered moderately—Joe's father was a butcher—but like many Armenian refugees, they never entered fully into American life. Joe went to public school and played with third-generation American boys, but his parents lived almost entirely within an Armenian subcommunity. Throughout his childhood Joe heard them talk lovingly of the homeland and of returning some day.

The day came soon after the Second World War. The Soviet government under Stalin was eager to populate its bleak little southern republic. It issued a world-wide appeal to the Armenian diaspora: now was the hour for Armenians scattered abroad to come "home." It was the duty of all Armenians everywhere, said Soviet agents, to restore the grandeur of the old country—now the new "independent" republic.

About eighty-five thousand Armenians, mostly from the Middle East, Egypt, and France, responded to the appeal. And from America a ship departed in October, 1947, with some 150 Armenians going back. Among them were the Mandalians.

The decision to return had been a hard one for Joe's father. He was persuaded finally by Soviet promises of unlimited opportunity for jobs and self-improvement, and the absolute guarantee that the family could return to America at any time. Joe himself was very reluctant to go, but he followed his parents.

What the family found upon their arrival staggered them. "It was like a desert," Joe's father said, "so much

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worse than we pictured that we could hardly speak to one another about it. As soon as we stepped off the boat, they packed us into filthy railway cars for the trip to Yerevan. They didn't even give us food. Not even blankets to keep warm. Half our things were 'lost' being unloaded and we had to sell most of what remained that winter just to buy food."

After a month of such treatment, the family was desperate to return to the Bronx, which now was "home." But that proved impossible. "It was easy enough to get in," said Joe, "but there's not a chance of getting back out. They promised we could leave any time if we didn't like it. For fifteen years we've hated it, and there's not a snowball's chance in hell of leaving!"

Joe's parents were not the only ones fooled. Even the Dashnakzoutian, the American Armenian organization, was taken in. For a time in 1947 it encouraged the repatriation drive, only to regret its mistake bitterly.

AT FIRST the Mandalians tried frantically to get out. But letters to the American embassy were intercepted and telephone calls prohibited. Mail was censored. They learned quickly not to seek help from Soviet officials, who told them they had better get used to Yerevan if they did not want to get into trouble for anti-state activity.

Despite their virtual imprisonment, the repatriates managed to inform Armenians in America about actual conditions in the homeland. One of them had agreed with a brother in Detroit to send a picture of himself standing up if life was good and sitting down if it was bad; his first letter praised Armenia lavishly enough to pass the censorship and contained a small snapshot of himself—lying flat on his back.

But the repatriates could do no more than warn others; they themselves had to cope with life in Yerevan. Joe's people were not obliged to take out internal passports, and during the first winter they did not do so, fearing that to have Soviet papers would end their last legal chance of exit. But no passport meant no labor book; no labor book, no work. When they had almost nothing left to sell and still had made no progress toward obtaining exit visas, Joe's father filled out the papers. The family became Soviet.

After Stalin died and Khrushchev visited Yerevan, communication with the embassy and the outside world became freer, but the spirit of liberalization that seemed to be remaking the country did not liberate the American Armenians. So the stream of petitions, pleadings, personal appeals, and letters from American relatives goes on. Joe's family regularly fills out applications for exit visas, which are just as regularly rejected.

The Worst Thing

In their sixteen years in Yerevan, Joe's family have resisted assimilation just as they did in the Bronx. When they lived in America they spoke only Armenian at home; in Yerevan, they insist on using their broken English. "The children should grow up knowing their own language," Mrs. Mandalian explained. "I tell Joe he must marry an American girl." She went into the kitchen and returned with a strawberry shortcake. Proudly she announced: "Here, we maintain a real American home!"

Their imaginations had made of the United States a paradise where

unemployment and racial problems were *Pravda* myths and where even the poorest lived well. They talked only of the negative aspects of Soviet rule: the bribery, cheating, and kickbacks; the constant shortages of basic supplies; the slogans; the bureaucracy. When Mr. Mandalian became a restaurant cook, deliveries of meat never approached the allotment in the plan, and of the supplies that did arrive party supervisors took home "tributes" as a matter of course. Finally he quit in frustration to become a laborer. When Joe was a carpenter working on construction projects, his pay was high, two hundred rubles a month, but kickbacks sometimes took as much as half. Eventually he quit to work in a factory that paid a steady 110 rubles, with no kickbacks. When seriously ill, Joe's mother waited six weeks for an X-ray; finally Joe slipped the doctor ten rubles and the picture was taken within the hour. When the household needed a plumber, they had to pay him "under the table" to come. When Joe's father was eligible for his old-age pension, he had to fight for it in a dozen offices. "When I need nails to fix the stairs," said Joe, "the stores never have them, so I have to steal them from the factory or buy them from someone who has already stolen them. Everybody does it—the whole system runs on cheating and payoffs. And those who cheat most are the ones who preach most about socialist co-operation. The worst thing is the hypocrisy."

"No," Joe's father said, "the worst thing is the hopelessness."

YET the intensity of the repatriates' scorn for Armenia must be measured against the undeniable accomplishments of the régime. Everywhere in Yerevan it was plain that the city had flourished remarkably under Soviet rule. When the Armenian Socialist Republic was founded in 1920, Yerevan's population was 50,000. In forty years it increased tenfold. Running water and sewage were installed in 1933. Today the city has a university, a first-class conservatory, and modern heavy and light industry powered by local hydroelectricity. The republic founded an opera company, built libraries, parks, and housing developments. A backward Middle Eastern village was transformed into the beginnings of a modern industrial city. This is what *Armenian* Armenians told us about Soviet rule. "When I was a boy," a school principal told us, "there was not a single building, not one building in Yerevan over two stories high. It was a collection of hovels and dirt paths. Look what we are doing here now!"

But the little band of Yerevan's American Armenians do not see things in this light.

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India's Front Lines In the High Himalayas

PIERS ANDERTON

NEW DELHI

"THANK GOD we no longer have to defend the politicians' penny-packet outposts," remarked the Indian colonel beneath his guards' mustache as he scanned the mountains where the Communist Chinese front line lay. He turned around and looked back into India. "Now we're pulling back into a strong line where we can give the Chinese a bloody nose if he attacks."

The colonel's remarks summed up the Indian Army's new knowledge of how and where to fight. As one experienced combat officer put it to me: "Those remote outposts were supposed to wave at the Chinese, and shout 'Look out, we're here.'" Half a hundred were set up on the western front. On the eastern front, forty-five observation stations were established along the frontier in early 1962, some as far as ten days' march from the nearest base. This so-called "forward policy" came at a time when India was just beginning to modernize its army, when war-trained officers and noncommissioned officers were retiring, and when there were few roads to the front, few vehicles, and few planes.

When the Chinese attacked on October 20, 1962, the outposts were overrun on both fronts.

THE INDIAN politicians, led by Nehru, immediately—and foolishly—ordered the Indian Army not to yield a foot of ground. On the eastern front this order meant that the Indian commanders had to abandon their contingency plan for a retreat to more favorable terrain in the foothills near sources of supply. Instead of small units fighting holding actions until a division could be formed near the railhead, the division was rushed forward, found that the Chinese had already encircled it, and was lost. On the western front, 3,500 Indian troops scattered in small outposts along a four-hundred-mile front were routed and the Chinese quickly discovered there was no support behind them. The Communists took the territory they wanted, and unilaterally declared a cease-fire. They had captured enough high ground to protect the vital Aksai Chin Road, which they had built on the other side of the mountains across Indian territory occupied six years before.

During the past spring and summer, India's military men have completely revised 1962's political deployment of troops. If the Chinese attack again, India's army is willing to give ground in order to get the Chinese away from their mountain fastnesses into unfavorable terrain farther from their sources of supply and nearer Indian supply heads. The Indian Army is no longer trying to match the Chinese outpost for outpost, but instead is closing many small positions along the front that it was not able to defend or even supply. Regular army troops are being concentrated in centers farther back from the front, such as Darbuk, where they can be constantly supplied and constantly trained in the new weapons supplied by the United States, and from which they can be rushed to meet the Chinese at strategically favorable points.

The Road To Leh

The American weapons are reaching India, but only half the troops at the front have received them because of India's two national calamities—bureaucracy and poor transportation. Poor transportation can be summed up in one fact: India has three rail gauges. But the greater hindrance is bureaucracy. An American colonel told me, "The Indians must keep astonishingly detailed records of everything and must clear even minor decisions with numberless superiors." The U.S. military mission can only check in the field to see if the weapons have reached front-line troops. And if shipment is delayed too long, the Americans can only report to Indian Army headquarters that the weapons are not moving.

India is still far behind in new weapons and in new supply systems. American experts and equipment are helping the semi-military Border Roads Organization to blast out roads to the front where only mule trails existed a couple of years ago. On the eastern front, the Border Roads Organization is bogged down in inefficiency. On the western front, startlingly swift roadbuilding across four-mile-high mountain passes is being pushed, but the road to the main base is still deep in sand. Part of the reason is that all road priorities had to be revised when the political deployment of troops was revised. At the front, you see abandoned roads leading to abandoned outposts. The roads near the old front are not being maintained. As one officer said, "What's the use of keeping up roads the Chinese may

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some day be allowed to take over?"

The priority road has two stages. The first leads from the Vale of Kashmir up to the main base of Leh, at eleven thousand feet. The second stage is from Leh to the front, which is four to seven thousand feet higher. And the supply system operates every day in two phases. Food, weapons, firewood, and building materials are trucked 275 miles up from the lowland bases to Leh, a dusty village in a desert two miles high. Then the supplies are transshipped over another two-hundred-mile road to the forward areas. But even American know-how and machines cannot clear the road of thirty-foot snowfalls in the winter and landslides all year round. For more than half of the year the passes are closed, and then the supplies are flown to Leh, which has one metal airstrip and one concrete strip currently under construction.

The airlift is like nothing else in the world. For the first nine months after the Chinese attack, the backbone of the airlift was the United States Air Force's C-130 cargo planes flying seven days a week from the steaming airfield at Delhi to the snowy strip at Leh, where the wind blows at forty miles an hour and the temperatures drop to forty below. The C-130s, which have now been withdrawn, could fly over the mountains, but now the airlift belongs to the Indian Air Force, which uses American-built C-119s and Russian-built Antonov-12s and Ilyushin-14s which fly between the mountains, their wing tips almost brushing the cliffsides. The Antonov is a copy of the C-130, but it lands at hair-raising speeds. One morning at Leh, I saw an AN hit the end of the strip and give three high bounces before the nose wheel exploded and it slid down the metal strip in a shower of sparks. British-trained officers started barking orders, and the *jawans* (privates) retreated. Luckily, nothing exploded but the nose wheel. It took a day to clear the airstrip, although Leh is supposed to be operating under wartime conditions.

The Indian Army's inefficiency is partly sloppiness and partly the deadening effect of the altitudes, which is stunning. Everything and everybody—trucks, mules, men, and weapons—lose efficiency at high altitudes. The Indian base camps on the western front are fifteen thousand feet high. In this rarefied air, troops train for hours every day, running up mountainsides in full equipment, stabbing dummies with bayonets, lying on the icy ground all morning firing guns so cold that a touch tears away skin. When the Chinese attacked in 1962, Indian troops were rushed up from the plains and promptly collapsed.

Not Even Fit for Yaks

The outposts are on the peaks around the base camps—twenty-two thousand feet high, higher than any mountain in North America or Europe, higher than helicopters can operate. Supplies must be delivered by manpower, mule, and yak. One morning, I watched a supply train of ten men, ten mules, ten yaks, and twenty tiny mountain ponies going up a thirty-degree incline to a post at eighteen thousand feet. The men carried timbers and sheets of corrugated iron for building a bunker, the mules carried rations, the yaks and ponies carried jerricans full of water. Men in these mountains often die within hours from sudden attacks of pulmonary edema. Even the army mules get asthma. The yaks just get hungry. Nothing grows on the mountain peaks where those watch stations are, and at night the watchers wake gasping for breath.

The Indian battalions fought the Chinese divisions last winter with First World War bolt-action rifles and three-inch mortars. The Communists had automatic weapons, heavy mortars, and rockets. Each Chinese battalion had the firepower of an Indian division, and applied all its firepower and all its manpower to the capture of all the Indian outposts. The Indian bunkers disintegrated under the shells of the Chinese recoilless rifles. Some of these shells recovered from the battlefields were marked "Made in U.S.A."

Now the Indians have a new American rifle that fires thirty shots a minute. They have an American heavy mortar with a trajectory suited for mountain warfare. But it will still take another year for the Indian Army to become more than half prepared.

The army's problem is not simply one of acquiring new weapons, but also of devising arms and tactics that have never been thought of. The new American rifle's lubrication and gas-ejection systems must be revised to cope with mountain colds of sixty degrees below zero. At sea level a bullet normally drops six inches after a few hundred yards of flight, but in high altitudes it drops only three inches—hence all sights on all rifles must be adjusted, and the adjustment for shooting downhill is still more complicated. At fifteen thousand feet a vehicle loses sixty per cent of its pulling power. The Indian Army uses the larger Japanese Nissan Patrol instead of the four-cylinder U.S. jeep. Roads, which are barely passable for a one-ton truck, must be widened and hardened for three-ton trucks. The Chinese highways on the other side of the front are built for five-ton trucks. In the mornings, fires must be lighted under diesel engines to get them started. The only way to make a foxhole is to ignite gasoline on the ground to thaw the frozen earth. The only way to dig a bunker is to drill, place dynamite, and blast the rock away. Even the drills must be made lighter so they can be carried up the mountains to the picket posts. Young men must be found, for men over forty simply cannot operate as efficiently at high altitudes as younger men do.

Young officers are arriving at the front. India has long had Dehra Dun, its equivalent of West Point, but since last winter it has established two officers' training schools where classes of second lieutenants are turned out every six months. Behind these officer "factories" is a system of secondary schools that will funnel manpower into the military. No longer is the Indian Army officered only by the fighting class, the Rajputs. The new officers fit awkwardly into the messes, which are still impeccably British. The higher officers still spin yarns in British accents, about the Burma campaign when they were still fighting for Britain, but in the corners of the messes you hear young men conversing in Hindi. Now the Indian Army is getting a type of young officer it never would have admitted before—not so much spit and polish,

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but more apt in the techniques of modern warfare.

Three new divisions trained for mountain warfare have been formed in the past nine months, and nine more are on the training grounds or in the planning stages. There is no lack of enlisted manpower in India, although there is no compulsory military service. There is so much unemployment or underemployment in the villages that the men line up to sign on for three meals a day and twenty dollars a month. Especially India's traditional fighting men are signing up—the Jats, more than six feet tall and looking as hard as pro football ends; the husky Dogras, the black-skinned South Indians who are good mechanics and signalmen; and, of course, the sturdy bearded Sikhs.

But the Indian Army is weak at its heart—the noncommissioned officers. By 1960, most Indian noncommissioned officers who had had war experience with the British Army had reached retirement age. The enlisted men, ninety per cent of whom come from India's primitive villages, are often illiterate and need much training to become noncommissioned officer material. The Indian Army has now managed to assemble a division on the western front, where it once only had a brigade. But the Indians still face odds of six to one.

Of Discretion and Valor

There is, however, one fact that everyone from the chief of staff to the last Jat private has assimilated —they are there to fight Chinese. A year ago, when India was matching outposts along the border with China but was being told by Nehru that all problems would be solved without fighting, the Indian troops sat in their outposts and watched the Chinese watching them. But if the Indians were not certain what they were supposed to do, the Chinese had no doubts. On the morning of October 20, 1962, Indian troops were so lulled that their rifles were not loaded. Today if you sit in Indian Army messes, as I did for days, all you hear is discussions of guerrilla warfare and frontal tactics —of how to beat back the many-sided Chinese infantry attack, of how to use the new weapons.

India's commanding officers are much too tough-minded to believe that they can force the Chinese back from the 14,000 square miles of Indian territory they have occupied on the western front. The recognition of the overpowering Chinese force, plus the political warnings against provocation, means that no patrolling is done in Chinese-occupied territory; the patrols go out simply to verify that the Chinese have not encroached further on Indian territory. This politico-military caution means that although the no-man's-land established by the Chinese after the cease-fire is not officially recognized by the Indian government, it is respected by the Indian Army. I spent four hours in

that no-man's-land one morning, but I was accompanied by two Indian colonels who kept up a chorus of warnings that the Chinese were watching us and that they might approach us. And even when I was outside the no-man's-land, I was cautioned. When I wanted to film a Chinese outpost, I had to conceal my camera in the back of a jeep—not because the Chinese might send over a mortar shell but because they might send over a note of protest. I sensed fear among the Indians, but it was political, not military. Even so, I repeatedly heard the boast, "Next time, the Chinese will have to come at us in division strength." I never heard anyone say how the Indians would go at the Chinese.

This precaution is reflected in the rear areas of civilian India. The strong emotions stirred up in the Indian people during the 1962 attack are weakening. Even the swift supply of weapons is slowing down under the weight of the bureaucracy.

THE ROAD for which China fought last winter has now become even more vital than before. This Aksai Chin Road joins two strategic areas, Tibet and Sinkiang. Sinkiang has become China's rich western frontier, as the prairies and the Pacific Coast were to us a century ago. Sinkiang drains off Red China's surplus population and is also a manufacturing and raw-materials center. Twenty-five new oil wells were brought in in western Sinkiang during 1963. Its factories manufacture clothing, leather, glass, paper, and electrical equipment. It is easier to supply Tibet from Sinkiang than from the main areas of China.

But above all, Sinkiang has become a potential battleground between Red China and Russia. As it did with India, China is telling Russia that the old border treaties are invalid, is claiming large areas of the Soviet Union next to Sinkiang, and is accusing Moscow of stirring up the Moslems who are fleeing Red China across the border into the Soviet Union in that area. Moscow is firing back accusations of machine-gunning these refugees, and both Chinese and Soviet reinforcements have reportedly been sent to this frontier.

As I left the front between India and China, I went to say good-by to the colonel who had been my host. He was sitting in his mess with his officers around him. I said, "I hope I see you again." He replied, "Next year we'll meet in Aksai Chin." The majors and the captains and the lieutenants laughed; he was the colonel. Laughter at the boss's jokes is often forced, but this brave quip about pushing the Chinese back over the mountains rang especially hollow.

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Where the Fields Are Fresh and Green

A short story

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

The boy moves through his life,
keeping a shy
Watch on the man who now assumes
his face.

—Douglas Nichols,
Johnny Appleseed

WHILE WE ARE GROWING UP, we become more surprised every year that we seem to other people to be changing, because to ourselves we seem always to be the same. And even while we exult in the higher mark on the closet door where we are measured every year, we feel an increasing apprehensiveness that a day will come when we will seem to have changed so much that nobody will remember who we are.

Thus, when we are still very young, we sense that our first memories of ourselves constitute the only reality by which we will always understand our existence. The problem is that nobody ever seems to see anything the same way we see it, and therefore the memories by which we place ourselves in time and space can never be verified by anybody else. This is the loneliness and the terror of childhood—not to see things the way anybody else sees them, not to understand why some things are "real" and some things are not.

My first hazy memories of myself were set nearly two thousand miles from the place where my second, verifiable memories of myself began. My father's business failed in 1931, and my family moved from Seattle back to a desolate half-section in North Dakota just before I was four years old. At that age, I would, in any case, have begun slipping from my first dreamy existence into my second "real" existence, but it was the drastic change of place that seemed to me, over the next few years, to have been the cause of all the changes in my existence. I had one possession that unequivocally connected me with all the parts of that first existence—all the parts I couldn't remember, all the parts everybody agreed that I remembered, and all the parts I alone was sure I remembered. That possession was a doll with opening and closing eyes that I got for Christmas in Seattle the year before we moved. I took her with me wherever I went, and frequently she got left at the weather end of a long prairie trek when I had gone looking for something—gone out to watch in the haunted cloudless morning and found only beautiful emptiness. After a few years the poor doll's face grew pale under the prairie sun, and lined with the fine cracks of excellent crockery. But still she had the same delicate brows, the same private smile of a baby who knows she will never have to grow up.

I MADE a special point of taking her whenever my mother and I went to see Edith Bagley and Edith Bagley's mother, because when we went there I really needed company. Edith and her mother had a dark high parlor filled with dark high furniture that I had to climb up into but that I must never touch with my feet. After Edith and her mother and my mother had all watched me and my doll get settled without doing any damage, they left us to ourselves. Edith and my mother had gone all through school together and then through college together in Jamestown. Then they had come back home together and my mother had married my father and Edith had not married anybody. But Edith was talented in a number of ways. My mother always played the piano for her when she sang a solo, and usually when we went there it was so they could practice something.

In one corner of the parlor was a table that was covered, when Edith was not using it for her work, with an ecru lace tablecloth that hung down so that all you could see of the table was its four massive clawed feet flexing themselves over the roses on the carpet. The chair next to the table had lions' heads at the ends of its arms, and the lions were roaring without making any noise. It was clear to me that furniture like that could come alive at night when people were asleep, and I always tried to act wide awake when I was in a roomful of it. I wiggled and cleared my throat and did as many things as I could without having somebody tell me to sit still.

In another corner of the parlor sat old Mrs. Bagley, who did not, like

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the furniture, look as though she might be alive. The top part of her was gray and white with sweater and hair and skin and cloudy spectacles. The bottom part of her was gay in the way a new grave is gay—all covered with spots of color woven from wilted flowers over a shockingly high mound. The mound of her under the festive mosaic of her afghan was appalling because you couldn't imagine a regular body under there, with a stomach and hips and legs. What *could* have been under that afghan? Only once did I see any part of a body. Hanging below the multicolored yarn fringe was a brown cotton stocking that bulged far out over the top of a black, high-heeled shoe tied with tasseled laces.

The parlor smelled of a half century of dust and cooking and of about twenty years of Edith's painting. I would sit in one of the great chairs, watching every minute to see that I didn't touch any part of any wooden animals, and try to think of something to say in case I was called upon to admire Edith's painting. It seemed to me unclean to paint flowers and thistles and twisting vines all over plates and cups that people were supposed to eat from and drink out of. I always felt a little sick when Edith answered the door in her smock, because I knew the smock meant she was painting dishes, and if she was painting dishes, I would have to say something.

EDITH weighed almost three hundred pounds. That was what gave her wonderful volume when she sang. Her face was round like a plate, and it had a finger wave for a frame—just like the tendriled edgings on her plates. She had soft boneless hands, but they were facile and clever, as weak hands often are.

One day I watched them work for a long time. They were making artificial lilies for Easter Sunday in our church. The claw-footed table was heaped with piles of wire, stiff threads with yellow nodules at one end, fuzzy orange things shaped like tiny cattails, squares of green and white paper of the consistency of snakeskin, needles, thread, pliers, and instructions. Edith picked up one of the long wires in one of her limp hands. She twirled a strip of stretchy green paper around the wire. "See!" she said. "Now we have a stem!"

After hard study of her diagrams, Edith produced an Easter lily. It had long pointed petals of snaky white paper and enormous reproductive organs made of the threads with the yellow nodules at their ends. All the thread ends and all the petal ends were wired together at the center of the lily, and all the wires were neatly hidden in a calyx made from a little green wax cup. Then she made a calla lily, so she could try out the fuzzy orange pieces that looked like cattails. I don't know how many lilies she made before my mother came back from grocery shopping. All I know is that a sentence started repeating itself in my head. It was a simple imperative sentence, and one I had made a point of memorizing after reading the story it was in. "Stop, Little Pot, stop!" That was the magic command that nobody could remember for days and days after the obliging Little Pot got set off by some idiot who knew only the starting words and not the stopping words. The picture with the story showed the town's whole population eating pathways with teaspoons through the streets of waist-high mush.

Like the porridge nobody knew how to turn off, Edith's lilies inundated the little Community Methodist Church on Easter Sunday. Lilies jammed the vestibule, the aisles, the altar, the pulpit, the windowsills, the hymnal racks. Guarded by my mother on one side and my grandmother on the other, sitting in a safe church pew, I sank into that familiar lonely terror: everybody else's eyes were seeing something that mine could not see. To everybody else those things of wire and resinous snakeskin paper were flowers.

THE YEAR of that Easter was the hardest my grandmother and grandfather and all the other people on the prairie could remember. It was colder and windier and drier and hotter and dustier. When the meager harvest was in, Number 1 wheat sold for twenty-six cents a bushel. Finally a bleak frigid December brought the long year to an end. My mother told me not to expect much from Santa Claus. I'd given up believing in Santa Claus long before, and I know she must have known that. But it was less painful for both of us to pretend that it was Santa Claus who was poor.

That was the first time I had ever done any pretending of the kind that grownups did, and it gave me, oddly enough, that same feeling of lonely terror I had when I realized that I must be seeing something that nobody else saw—or that everybody else must be seeing something I couldn't see. I began to understand that most people simply decided on what they wanted to see and then saw it. They decided on what they wanted to believe and then believed it. And everybody pretended to believe what everybody else pretended to believe so that they could talk to each other. Santa Clauses ringing bells on the street in Jamestown did not believe in Santa Claus. Edith Bagley did not believe in her snakeskin lilies. They were all trying to make reality better for everybody else. And they were all trying to explain themselves to each other in order to try to make themselves more real to each other, in order not to lose each other. But the harder they tried to make the world real for each other, the more hopelessly they separated themselves from each other. It was even more lonely to be deciding what was real than it was not to have any idea of what might be real and what might not.

It made me feel very old—to believe in Santa Claus because I decided to believe. From then on, I would be responsible for what I saw and what I believed. I would make the decisions that created my existence and the decisions that created the world. The more I succeeded in believing what everybody else believed, the less real anything would be, because the things that are the most real are the ones that surprise us the most, and when everything must be decided upon and agreed upon, nothing can surprise us any more. We can never be surprised by the color of the grass or the color of the sky, and so they can never be quite so bright as they were in that first existence, when we were always being surprised.

And just at that time when I

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needed her the most, my dearest proof of that other existence, my faded cracked Baby Dimples, disappeared. I looked everywhere for her, but I did not admit to my mother that she was missing. I was afraid I had left her outside on the wrong afternoon and she had been buried under a five-foot snowdrift. If I asked about her, my mother might exclaim, "Oh, *dear!* You *didn't* leave her out on the day we got that awful blizzard, did you?"

There was also the possibility that my mother had allowed her to fall into the grubby eye-poking fingers of my little sister while I was away at school learning about reality. Then my doll would be like most of the other dolls I knew. At best she would have one eye stuck open and the other stuck shut. At worst, the whole mechanism would be turned over in her head and the only thing that would show through the eyeholes with their painted lashes would be a steel bar with rubber bands attached to two dull metal balls (the backs of the glass eyes) suspended in an empty china skull, rolling up and down, opening and shutting in hollow darkness. If she had suffered such an attack, and was now on some closet shelf until my father could find time to try to fix her, I didn't want to know about it.

I was pretty sure, though, that I must have left her outside. I spent a few dusky afternoons digging deep into the most likely snowbanks. I knew I wouldn't find her; I just wanted to show her or somebody that I felt as bad as she did about her being down there under the suffocating whiteness.

I still hadn't found her when Christmas came. That Christmas morning was the sparsest in my memory. There was no towering pungent tree like the ones from that other existence where Christmas trees grew on all the mountains, in all the parks, and beside all the houses. There was instead a tiny tree that had lost all its perfume while coming hundreds of miles from Wisconsin or Michigan. And under the tree, as gaily wrapped as if our decisions and our agreements and our responsibilities could always be made as beautiful as surprises, were sleepers and mittens and stockings and underwear—things I had been doing without during the first part of that bitter winter so that I could get them for Christmas. And, of course, because I needed them and because I was grown up now, I pretended that they mattered.

It seemed to me that our little family would suffocate from pretending in our little house that was so crowded by our little tree—like my doll under the snowbank. But my mother gave me a portentous look, as if to say that she knew you couldn't have Christmas without surprises and that nobody expected you to. She slipped out of the house and came back with a bundle in her arms —a bundle just the size of a new baby, swaddled in a precious furry pink blanket. The Christmas surprise! The Surprise that creates a universe of surprises every time it is born. She lifted a corner of the blanket so I could see the baby's face.

It was dead. It must have died while she left it out in the car, waiting to surprise us. Its cheeks were purple, like the cheeks of people found under snowbanks after blizzard snows have melted. Even its closed eyelids were purple.

"It's Baby Dimples!" my mother cried happily. "Santa Claus took her away and made her all new for you!"

I looked at the dead face again and saw around it the penlike scrolls of Edith Bagley's plates. On the delicate brow and cheeks I recognized the dusty purple paste that Edith Bagley managed to use, in one spot or another, on all the dishes and cups she painted.

"Isn't she pretty now?" my mother pleaded. "You left her outside and she got all cracked and faded. Now look at her pretty red hair! Look at her healthy cheeks!"

I couldn't have said it to myself then, but I understand that even the master artificer which, in my little world, Edith Bagley was, could never bring surprise from one existence to another. Shock (a word I didn't know then, though I knew the feeling) no doubt was transferable; surprise was not. The glad surprise of a very young child that morning has come, that the grass is green and the sky is blue—and all without any decisions made by the child—that glad surprise, I have now come to understand, is what we beg our artificers for, pay them enormously for, especially at Christmastime. But they, being part of the grownup conspiracy to decide what is real, being, like the rest of us, helpless members of the second existence, no longer know, any more than the rest of us, what is real—what is surprising.

I say that I understand this, and the way I know I understood it is that I knew I was making a statement about my existence when I said to my waiting, heart-broken mother, "Yes, my baby is much prettier now."

I was careful, after that, to tuck my doll into her crib every night, and to do it when my mother was sure to see. Since I never took her out of the house with me again, it wasn't hard to find her to do the tucking in. There had been nights when even the long summer prairie evenings had caught me in the dark, with the panicked sounds of hard-pressed fecundity all about me and the weight of the heavy-leaved black boughs over me—there had been nights when I risked my life to search for her in the grove, so I could bring her safely home and put her to bed, grieving and promising never to forget her again. But in our second existence we don't grieve and promise with the same unqualified passion with which we grieve and promise in our first existence. We remember, in our second existence, how forgetful we are.

And so, now that my last proof of my first existence had been transformed into the first proof of my second existence, I no longer had to seek her or grieve for her or make promises to her. She was always there in her crib, with her purple cheeks.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT happened in the town that winter, not long after Christmas. Somebody got married or, more likely, somebody left for the West Coast and had a party in the Town Hall before they went. If a family was going to sell out, it was that time of year that would make them decide. Christmas and New Year's over. Nothing to look forward to but snow till April. No commitment to a crop planted. Winter feed for the stock about gone, because of the last summer's drought. Not much cream to sell and not

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much of a price for what cream there was. A time of year when the Pacific Coast temperatures, printed in the Jamestown *Sun*, seemed unbelievable. It didn't seem to matter where you were during these Depression years. After you'd been in one spot for a while, you decided things couldn't be quite so bad anywhere else, and so you moved. My own family had gone from North Dakota to Seattle and back, and we were destined to go again to Seattle in another couple of years.

At any rate, something important happened in the town and Edith sang for it. I still hated her so much that I could barely speak to her when we went to her upstairs house so she and my mother could practice the songs she sang. I sat in the chair with the lions carved on its arms and listened while they went over and over the songs, but only one of the songs said anything I could understand, and that's why I still haven't forgotten it.

Edith stood by the piano, her smock trembling over the vast regions where her emotions echoed and re-echoed themselves, until she herself must have lost track of them and could believe only what everybody believed—that she had, as compensation for her appalling obesity, for her appalling mother, for her appalling loneliness, a great voice.

Another thing I cannot forget (and this is one way you can distinguish your first existence from your second: never in your first existence do you wish you could forget anything) is the painful difference between herself and the girl she sang about, as she stood, wide as the piano, at the high-note end of the keyboard upon which my little mother played. The song she sang, the one I can't forget, had these words:

The roses all have left your cheek—
I've watched them fade away and die . . .

Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen,
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again.

I know I understood that Kathleen was not ever going to see the fields again, because the song made me cry. It was the first time any song had affected me that way. I sat in the lion-headed chair where I had once watched Edith make the lilies with no perfume, holding my fists against my eyes, horrified at crying over something as silly as a song—especially the kind of song that Edith Bagley would sing—and even more horrified that somebody might catch me.

If anybody could go back, if Kathleen could have gone back, then nobody would cry over that song, but almost everybody does. We cherish our griefs over those green fields because our griefs seem to prove that what we grieve over must once have existed. It is good that all of us have these griefs. They do not separate us as do our beliefs.

Now that I am grown, I have discovered that our second existence does bring us one surprise—love. Now that I have children of my own, I try, as my mother did, to save their first existences for them, even though I know it is impossible. All the generations of us will go on forever trying to save the green fields for each other and we will always fail, but because it is for love that we try to do what is impossible, we redeem our second existence.

And in a way none of us ever really leave those fields that made us. It is from those lost fields that we go on shyly, silently calling to each other. It is from those fields, forever sealed against the trespasses of our grownup selves, forever splendid with light falling like trumpet blasts through the old heavy boughs of the world, that each of us keeps his long watch on the people who come to assume his face.

How to Fold a Newspaper

JOSEPH G. COLANGELO, Jr.

THE TITLE of this essay, at first glance, may be somewhat misleading. It's not meant to tell newspaper delivery boys how to bend the evening gazette into a wad that will survive a twenty-five-foot lob to the customer's front porch. Nor is it intended to instruct the suburban New York *Times* reader whose insurance doesn't cover eye injuries inflicted by his flailing elbows on fellow riders of crowded commuter trains. Rather it will attempt to describe how to disband, disintegrate, destroy, dispel, crumble, cessate, or otherwise bring to a swift and undramatic end a Great Publishing Empire.

Great Publishing Empires—newspapers in their terminal phase always are called that—currently are disappearing from the American scene at a rate which, according to some pessimists, will leave only one metropolitan daily in each of the nation's cities by mid-October of the year 2056. Conceivably all of them will be owned by S. I. Newhouse.

There is disagreement as to why this is happening. Critics of newspapers charge that some publishers, unable to make a smooth adjustment to a new era, have failed to accommodate a larger and better-educated newspaper audience. Publishers, on the other hand, blame taxes, Canadian newsprint prices, rising labor costs, and competition from Federally licensed media; they also point out that critics of newspapers are against a free press and free speech and probably ought to be silenced.

But whatever the cause, the rite of newspaper folding has become formalized even in the relatively brief span of its existence. Like Japanese theatre or grand opera, its formulas need to be understood if one is to appreciate the virtuosity of individual performances.

The Rite of Silence

The newspaper-folding ceremony begins with an inversion of the traditional "scoop" phenomenon of journalism. There is a deliberate effort by the owners to be the *last* to carry a given news report—in this case, the paper's own obituary. To do this, the folding newspaper's publisher must keep from his employees all word of the publication's imminent demise until the absolute last moment. No publisher ever has given his staff more than twenty-four hours' notice of the paper's suspension. To do otherwise is considered bad form.

William Randolph Hearst, Jr.,

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who is to newspaper folding what Arnold Palmer is to golf, has set some rugged standards. When his International News Service "merged" with United Press, the several hundred working newsmen who were to lose their jobs were informed via a story on the Dow-Jones financial ticker.

When Hearst's Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* was hyphenated with the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, some wives of *Sun-Telly* staffers tearfully greeted their husbands with the news when they came home from work that evening. The wives had heard it over the radio. The husbands hadn't been told before they left the office.

And, continuing in that great tradition, when Hearst's New York *Daily Mirror*, the second largest newspaper in the country, recently went under, it was a reporter from another news-gathering organization who first brought the fact to the attention of *Mirror* employees. This is the Rite of Silence par excellence.

Many onlookers comment that it is odd that publishers, who are so adamant on the right of access to information of various kinds, are so close-mouthed when it comes to reports of their own activities. That is true; it *is* odd. In this respect, I would like to point out that the recent efforts of the AFL-CIO convention to require newspapers to file ninety days' notice of their suspension is as much of a threat to a classic anthropological manifestation as the attempts by British colonialists of the last century to clothe natives of the South Sea islands.

The Staff Announcement

The time comes, however, when the folding newspaper's publisher does have to tell his staff. This is regarded as unfortunate but necessary, and it can be facilitated if the Rite of Silence has been played well. Usually all that's required is a brief written explanation under some simple lead sentence as "By the time you finish reading this, the *Daily Gas* will have ceased to exist as a separate publication."

Many techniques have been employed for delivering the announcement to the paper's employees, but perhaps the most universally successful and least embarrassing is "the Martin Luther Bit"—the publisher sends a janitor up to the editorial office with the announcement, a hammer, and a nail. The janitor nails the announcement into a convenient wall, steps back, shakes his head, shouts over his shoulder to the city desk, "Hey, Sven, you'd better take a look at this," and departs. In the normal course of events, the city editor then will come over, read the announcement, and recite a phrase sanctifying the occasion. The rest of the staff then join him in further ejaculations.

The Pinkerton Processional

When the New York *Mirror* folded, *Newsweek* commented: "No one got drunk in the office, no one broke

furniture, almost no one cried." It is obvious, then, that publishers are dealing with people who are capable of such acts and they must take steps to protect their property. This is often accomplished with a cordon of armed men in light blue from the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Pinkertons are the honorary pallbearers at every respectable newspaper funeral. Their number and regalia testify to the importance of the publication going under. Legend has it that at some of the better funerals, Pinkerton detectives have been known to appear with guns at the ready.

The Silent Tentfold and Stealaway

Semantics is the most important aspect of the final phase of newspaper folding. The ceremony uses a highly formalistic vocabulary aimed at persuading observers that nothing of great consequence has happened. It is a language that is likely to be confusing to the layman.

For example, in describing an event, one does not speak of a publication as having been "sold." Experience has shown that typesetters have a way of adding "out" to that word, usually to justify a line of type. Instead, one speaks of two newspapers as having been "merged." This is not inaccurate if one thinks of it as the kind of thing the whale did with Jonah.

For the sake of clarity here, however, a distinction will be made between the mergee (i.e., the publication that has been "merged") and the merger (i.e., the one that does the merging).

The mergee's announcement of the event, usually run on an inside page if there's any kind of a news load that day, carries the headline "A Note to Readers of the *Daily Gas.*" The word "note" connotes a minor message of small importance and tends to allay alarums.

The announcement explains that henceforth the *Daily Gas* and the *Daily Blurb* will be published as a single newspaper known as the *Daily Gas-Blurb*. "The arrangement," it says, "follows a pattern established recently by many other newspapers around the country." This is known as the failure-is-its-own-justification plea.

The unimportance of the event is demonstrated by pointing out that the combined newspaper will carry the most popular Sunday comics of both.

Finally, the announcement strikes out for the last time at Publisher's Devils—Creeping Socialism and the Democratic Party. The folding news-

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paper's publisher, if he's ingenious, will figure out some way to blame both of these in his parting shot.

The statement by the merger is deceptively similar. However, its author faces the same difficult problem as a cat who has just swallowed a canary and is trying not to burp as he offers condolences to the canary's relatives. It usually goes something like this:

"The *Daily Gas* is dead." This phrase, solemn and to the point, bears not a trace of gloat. The next few sentences give a brief history of the *Daily Gas* and refer to it as "venerable." ("Venerable" is a mandatory term in such announcements.) The same reassurances then are given about the Sunday comics and the most popular columnists from the *Gas* being incorporated into the combined *Gas-Blurb*. However, in this instance, the term "most popular" refers to those most popular with the new monopoly publisher.

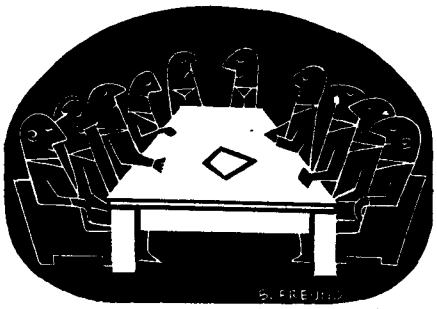
The final lines always are the same in such announcements. They give the telephone number for the classified advertising department of the combined *Daily Gas-Blurb* and announce that the new noncompetitive situation has facilitated the establishment of A Special Three-Line Rate for Those Who Act Now! As compared with the old rate, the Special Three-Line Rate for Those Who Act Now! is higher.

A Note About Cause

The repercussions of a newspaper folding are brief, evidenced chiefly by the presence of writers at unemployment offices, a slight rise in out-of-town newspaper sales, and insistent cries from diligent *Gas* newsboys who have been storing up credits in a sales contest for a college scholarship offered by the paper. For the principals, the curtain has fallen, the final whistle has sounded, the last stone has been thrown.

At a private subceremony, the two publishers can toast their accomplishment and its meaning for America. They have achieved the ultimate in freedom of the press—freedom from the presence of a nearby competitor. They have served the free-enterprise system which they have so long defended—for what is free enterprise but the right of one man to buy and another to sell?

BOOKS



Of Cogs and Machines

JOHN WILLIAM WARD

INDIVIDUALISM AND BIG BUSINESS, by Leonard R. Sayles. *McGraw-Hill. $6.95.*

William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man* obviously touched a nerve. Whatever else Whyte and his followers may have accomplished, they point to a great concern in America today for the place of the individual in the bureaucratic style of life we call the organization. Whyte's conclusion was desperate. All he could hold out for at the end was either to beat the system by learning how to cheat against it or to find some private interstice in the rapidly proliferating network of organized relationships.

Americans are a sanguine people and do not take easily to such fatalistic counsel, so it was inevitable that someone would come along and say that the conflict between the individual and the organization is not entirely bad. Perhaps it was also inevitable that it would take a team of writers to say so and that the conclusion would come out of a group conference paid for by a foundation. Leonard R. Sayles is the titular author of *Individualism and Big Business,* but the book is a collective enterprise. In choosing a round dozen collaborators, Sayles admits he chose them "to show the other side of the coin," to controvert the view that the large organization "is inimical to the welfare of the individual participant." The book ranges all the way from the ethics of using psychological reports on employees to how to find and use leaders to case studies on how the world does go in large business organizations.

In a book mostly by academics, one essay stands out for its force and good sense; it was written by an English businessman, Wilfred Brown, who argues from what we know about politics that clearly prescribed rules of authority establish the conditions of freedom rather than destroy them. Brown's success points up the others' failure to recognize that the problem of large concentrations of organized power is finally a political problem.

AN ASTONISHING reversal has quietly taken place in recent years. Formerly, the attack on big business was only in small part on economic grounds. Out of a tradition that dates back to Andrew Jackson's destruction of the Second Bank of the United States, progressives like Brandeis and Wilson based their hostility to bigness on political grounds. "Individualism" first came into the English language to describe the ideology of Jacksonian America, which held that the average man should be master of his own life, independent of others. The hero of this ideology was Emerson's self-reliant man, later debased by the gospel of the main chance in Horatio Alger. Of course, such a view led to its own destruction by rejecting the sanctions of tradition and the need for institutional supports for human order. It might be argued that the real revolutionary radicals in the American tradition have been our entrepreneurs who transformed the conditions of American life to the point where the tradi-

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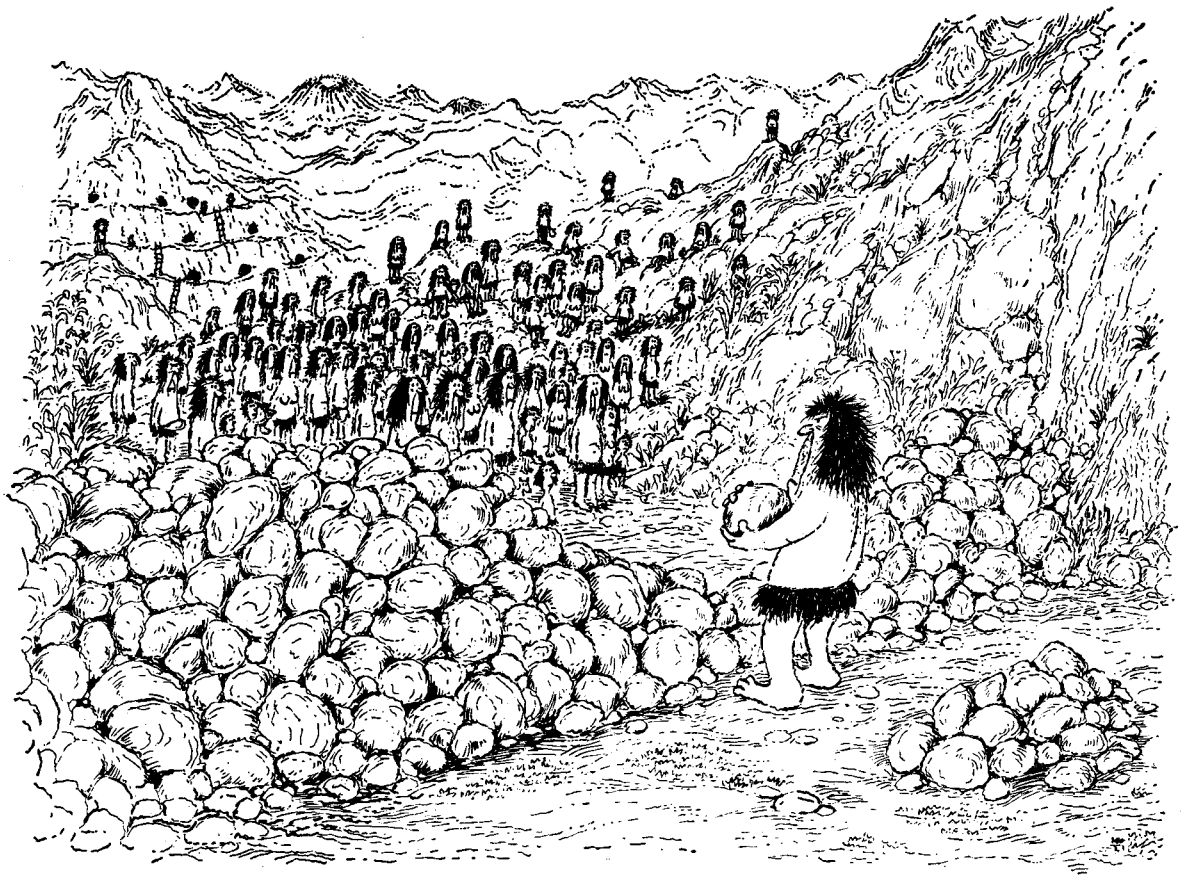

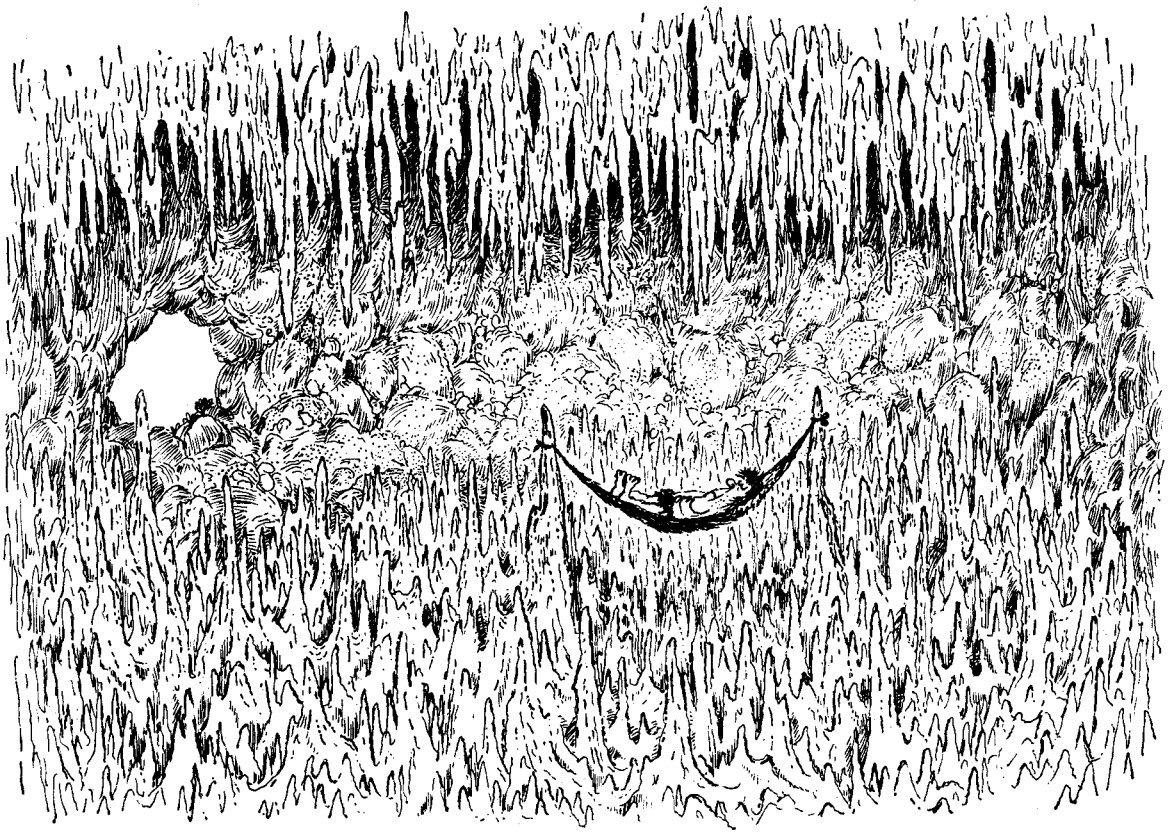

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The Remedy

Occasionally, for no apparent reason, in the middle of listening to Mrs. Bolger read back what I had just dictated or while going over the books with one of the auditors, I would burst into tears, sniveling and blubbering like a child.

It got so bad that at last one of the older salesman, a fellow that I once had occasion to attend a convention where there was a lot of drinking with in Dayton, said, "Look, why don't you go and see this man I know?"

The man was waiting in a bare room with the blinds drawn, facing me across a perfectly clean desk. There was also a green leather couch and a carefully erased blackboard.

"Well?" he said.

"Well *what?*" I said.

We stared at each other until "You probably want me to lie down," I suggested, pointing at the green couch under the blackboard.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Let's get one thing straight," I said. "I've come here to be cured of crying, but that doesn't mean I'll stand for any nonsense about how I have a secret desire to kill my father and the rest of it. So perhaps you'd better tell me right now how you intend to proceed with the case."

"How would you suggest that I proceed?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That's your business, wise guy, not mine," I said. The man was beginning to annoy me. "For one thing, I suppose you want me to write something on this foolish blackboard of yours."

He opened his mouth to speak, but I had already guessed what he was going to ask me this time, and so I headed him off by grabbing a piece of orange chalk and scribbling the filthiest word I could think of on his blackboard for him.

Tapping a pencil on his desk, he studied the word for some time, and then turned to me. "What does it mean?" was his question.

"I'll tell you what it means!" I bellowed, and I rushed around his desk and pushed him over backwards out of his chair.

But that didn't get a rise out of him either. "Now then," he resumed, putting his chair to rights and looking around for his pencil, "why do you suppose you wanted to knock me down?"

This sort of thing has been going on for more than three years now, and I will say it has done me a world of good.

N. L. S. SAND

tional ideals of a rural and egalitarian society make no sense.

An easy way out is to keep talking one way while you act another, and Americans have shown a special fondness for this strategy. Another is to change the meaning of ideals, and *Individualism and Big Business* is a good example. In the conclusion to his book, Sayles celebrates the marvelous achievement of the contemporary manager and "The skills of administration required to direct and control tens of thousands of people with differing backgrounds and interests, in order to produce co-ordinated effort directed toward predetermined objectives. . . ." Objectives predetermined by whom? The original ideal of individualism meant freedom from others; apparently the new ideal—and it is more widespread than this one instance—means freedom to co-operate with others. That brings us back to politics. How are we to decide whether we want to achieve the "predetermined" objectives of the organizations, of which business is only one and is now perhaps less crucial an example, in which we must live our lives?

Our choice is not between organization and something else. Without society the human animal is simply animal, and "society" is another way of saying "organization." Our problem is to ask what kind of organization. In his introduction, Sayles asks whether the indisputable and great power of the large business organizations is consistent with the requirements of a democratic society, but none of his colleagues seems to have heard the question. One definition of a democratic society is that those in positions of power, public or private, are responsible to those whom their decisions affect. If we are to change the meaning of individualism to mean co-operation with others in necessary collective effort, then we are going to have to show considerably more political imagination with the organization of our organizations so that the individual's choice is a choice and not simply the surrender of his self to objectives he has no part in shaping. *Individualism and Big Business* shows no sign of such imagination at work. But then, there is not much sign of it anywhere today.

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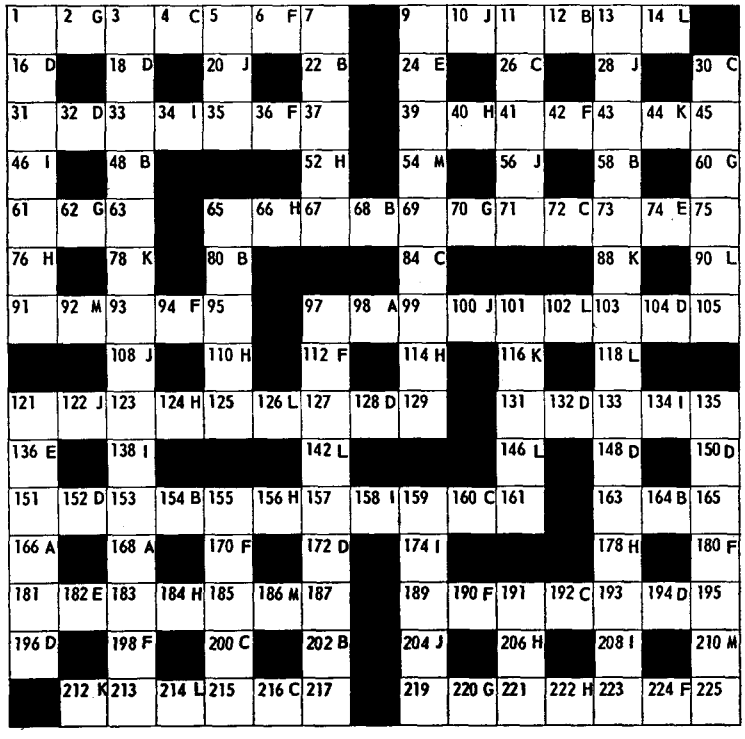
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 93

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A

168 98 166 "A_____ at the pane, the quick sharp scratch/And blue spurt of a lighted match,..." Browning, "Meeting at Night."

B

58 68 202 154 80 12 22 164 48 Bloodlike (alt. sp.).

C

192 160 84 72 200 30 216 4 26 Great victory of the British in the Western Desert, October, 1942 (2,7).

D

172 16 104 128 196 148 132 18 150 32 152 194 Another way the Acrostician is known (5,7).

E

136 74 24 182 Moslem religious leader.

F

224 6 36 190 198 42 180 94 170 112 *Extending the whole of a country.*

G

62 220 2 60 70 *An annual college feast.*

H

110 156 114 206 76 222 178 66 124 40 184 52 Magical ceremonies.

I

158 34 138 174 46 134 208 Wandering.

J

204 10 108 28 56 20 122 100 The quest of the gourmet (4,4).

K

78 116 88 212 44 A kingdom between India and Tibet.

L

142 102 14 146 90 126 214 118 Gilsonite.

M

54 92 186 210 Not any (Scot.).

ACROSS

1. Sum up, but be ill with a hundred, and melodious.
9. The Hub has a small saint in a favor.
31. Masquerade ball, but dispense with the old German emperor first.
39. Curvaceously but thoroughly.
61. When crabbed it won't go with youth, says Shakespeare in his pageant.
65. A regular beau or how the candle burns in still air (6,5).
91. McCone's outfit mixed up in a doublet.
97. This kind of bird is a snipe, pard!
121. Most famous work of the Acrostician.
131. Kind of chord that's good for the hair.
151. In portly mien? Not I—conspicuously.
163. My Spanish uncle in 131 across.
181. Ten of mine are famous.
189. Matured to ride about the pen.
212. Learn with tea what the buck wears.
219. Section of London where the City is (contrary to Horace Greeley) (4,3).

DOWN

1. Darn Tom! It's biting!
3. Much ado all at once, with activity at last after a small company (6,9).
5. A bit of a bed not in 131 across.
7. Not tight—no sole.
9. Turkey in the Straw to Brand Cane? (4,5).
11. This tobacco sounds sufficient.
13. It's not even money that this strange thing will occur (3,12).
30. What a man says to his wife when she's dreamy (2,4).
65. Kind of material that will stain easily.
97. Put aside or put a prophet about a search.
101. A small popular artist.
121. There are two in the heavens and one in the soup.
135. Jammed with a red cow and a penny.
155. Roman goddess in '49 is the archetype.
159. A great shield.
191. French step, but not French, strangely enough.

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Wapshot In the Dark

GERALD WEALES

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

"The most useful image I have today is of a man in a quagmire, looking into a tear in the sky." So John Cheever wrote in an author's note accompanying his contribution to the short-story collection *Fiction of the Fifties.* He was talking about a torn sky, not a weeping one. Cheever's new novel, *The Wapshot Scandal,* explores that quagmire, a bog of human misery and meaninglessness that finally sucks in all his characters; and the hole in the sky has got so big that all consolation leaks away.

This was not always the case with Cheever. From the beginning of his career, he has been fascinated by the ludicrous and the pathetic, by the sorrows of embarrassment and social distress of which the frayed cuff, the one drink too many, the uncompleted pass are workable symbols. In his first book, *The Way Some People Live,* in which some of the stories date back to the thirties, he staked out his claim to the specific slough of despond which he continued to work, and with increasing effectiveness, in his later, longer stories. The eye he turns on contemporary America, particularly on the suburbs of New York that extend from Martha's Vineyard to Bucks County, is a jaundiced one, but once it lightened with laughter, shone with a kind of consoling pleasure in human existence. In "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," for instance, the hero-narrator, nagged by his guilt at having turned burglar, stares out the window of the train "at a peaceable landscape and a spring evening, and it seemed to me fishermen and lone bathers and grade-crossing watchmen and sand-lot ballplayers and lovers unashamed at their sport and the owners of small sailing craft and old men playing pinochle in firehouses were the people who stitched up the big holes in the world that were made by men like me." The natural world, the job done simply and for its own sake (whether it be work or play), the act of love—these are the human activities that make up for a society in which the material ends and the mechanical means seem sometimes to be fencing us all in. The first of the Wapshot books, *The Wapshot Chronicle,* is a celebration of life, a testimonial to a kind of vitality handed down from Leander to Coverly and Moses—a virtue that has meaning even though the seafaring Wapshot tradition has dwindled from sailing around the Horn to Leander's daily run to an amusement park and finally to Sarah's floating gift shoppe.

The Wapshot Scandal, on the other hand, is a book about death. Death is no longer simply the natural end of man, as it was with Leander's death in the *Chronicle.* It pervades the new book. Not only does Honora die, but she makes Coverly admit that the change is in her before the breathing stops. Melissa is so afraid of dying that she runs away from life, ending the book as a middle-aged expatriate in Rome, paid lover in tow, dyed if not dead. Gertrude Lockhart, a peripheral character, hangs herself in the garage, a victim of appliances that keep breaking down. It is not simply the events or the great number of apparently casual remarks about dying that puts the hand of death on the book. It lies there because life has gone out of Cheever's world. There are momentary twinges, paragraphs in which, for a second, Emile or Coverly sees a world alive, but Emile ends as Melissa's property and Coverly, as Cheever keeps telling us, exists by pretending that whatever has happened has not happened. All human activity has now become foolish at best, cruel more often.

The consoling virtues are gone. There are no trout streams in this book for Moses to go to for regeneration, and Coverly's walk in the woods ends with his almost being killed by a flying arrow. Love has become the incompatibility of Coverly and Betsey, the desperation of Melissa, the profession of Emile. Dr. Cameron, the novel's great scientist, flies to Rome to spend a night with his mistress and returns,

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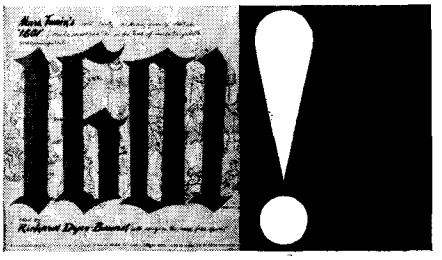

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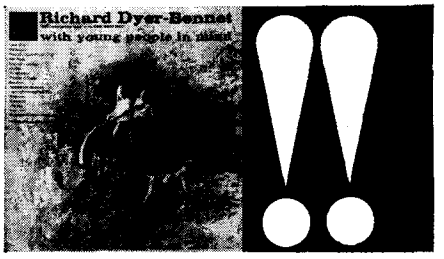

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"EIGHT NEGROES sat in a restaurant. One of them asked a white girl at the next table if she'd like to dance. The eight Negroes were assailed by whites and rushed out of the restaurant; one Negro was beaten so severely he had to be taken to a hospital; the Negroes were taken into custody by the police. The whites were not bothered by the police. It all happened on November 9, In Prague."

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replenished, not by being with her, but by standing in front of a closed restaurant where a hanging crepe announces death. Work is either destructive (the scientists in the novel expect to destroy the world) or pointless. Since he needs something to do, Coverly decides to run the poetry of John Keats through the computer to get a word and frequency count. The unlikely result (Keats could hardly have used "blendeth" that often) is a poem itself, one that sums up *The Wapshot Scandal*: "Silence blendeth grief's awakened fall/The golden realms of death take all/Love's bitterness exceeds its grace/That bestial scar on the angelic face/Marks heaven with gall."

The change of tone that has come over Cheever's work is an unfortunate one. It is not simply that the somewhat acidulous compassion of the earlier work is more attractive to me than the hurt bewilderment of *The Wapshot Scandal.* "I am not speaking here of despair, but of confusion," he says in *Fiction of the Fifties.* Out of that confusion, which looks a great deal like despair, it is possible to get art; consider so fine a short story as "The Country Husband." With *The Wapshot Scandal,* however, the confusion has invaded the work; the novel, for all its invention, is as dead as its major concern. The earlier Wapshot book, despite its sudden shifts in point of view and its set pieces, many of which had appeared separately as short stories, is sustained by its central image: the young men going out from St. Botolphs to make their way in an alien world, losing the village but carrying with them the best of what it was to be a Wapshot.

IF *The Wapshot Scandal* has an image, it is one of disintegration. The novel is a collection of fragments, unsuccessfully shored against all our ruins. St. Botolphs is introduced in the first chapter but has no real function in the book. The Wapshots have almost disappeared. Moses and Coverly are still with us, as are their wives, Melissa and Betsey, but they have not only lost contact with their earlier selves from *The Wapshot Chronicle;* they have no believable existence at all in the new work. Even Honora has been muted by her surroundings. These pale and empty Wapshots must continually get off stage to let other characters perform or to let Cheever make biographical memoranda for characters who never reach beyond a page or two. The eccentricities have become tics, the comedy is too often neither funny nor touching, and Cheever's distaste for the artifacts of our society (frozen foods and superhighways) has become sentimentally querulous.

The narrator of the short story "The Death of Justina" asks, "How can a people who do not mean to understand death hope to understand love, and who will sound the alarm?" There is more death than understanding in *The Wapshot Scandal* and very little love. Who *will* sound the alarm?

And, Behold, It Was Good

SAREL EIMERL

ANIMAL WORLDS, by Marston Bates. *Random House. $15.*

Nature study, we used to call it back in England. We had it in the equivalent of grades three to five and I loathed every minute. But merciful time has blurred the details, and all I can remember now is a persistent inability to distinguish between the leaves of the oak, the beech, the ash, and the sycamore, and the voice of Mr. Bentley, wearily mocking: "Eimerl, don't you ever go outside your own back yard?"

It seemed very clear to me then that to study plants or animals was a fatuous waste of time when one could be reading about *life,* in novels or histories. The proper study of mankind is man, and so forth. But after a while, mankind starts to repeat itself. The passing years have made me more sympathetic to Mr. Bentley, and as an alternative to reading the same things about different people, I have taken increasingly to reading different things about different animals. Nature books have one tremendous advantage: a bad novel can be a total bore but nature is so varied and curious that even an inferior book almost inevitably con-

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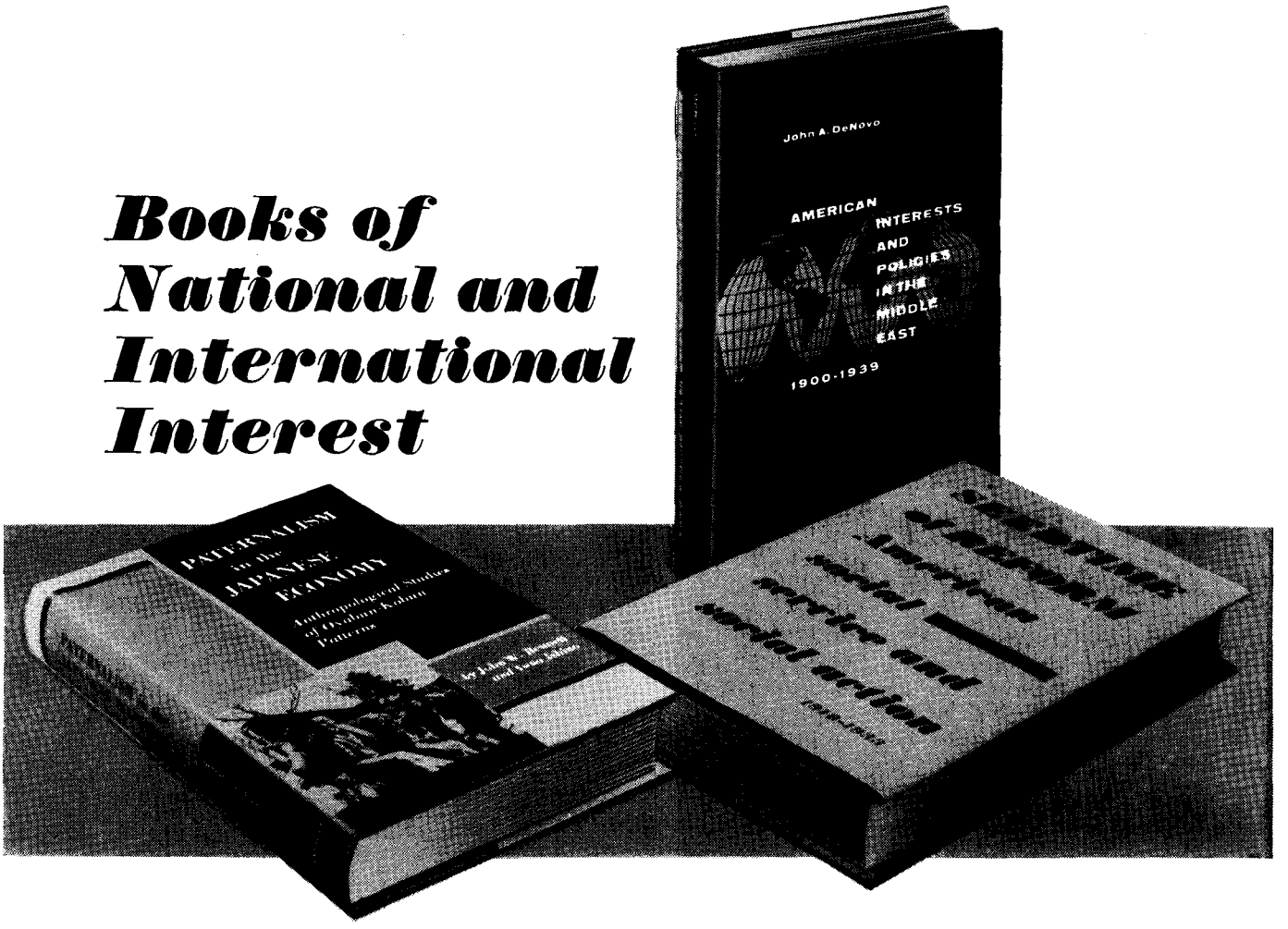

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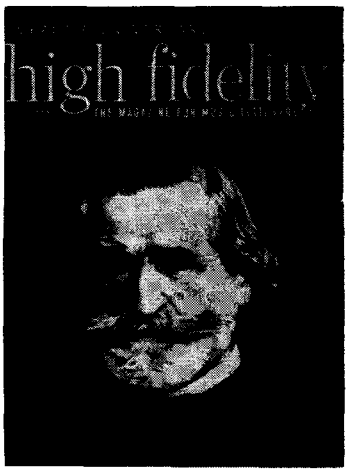

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tains some fresh and fascinating titbits.

Animal Worlds is an excellent example. It is one of those furniture books, supposedly ideal as gifts and normally described as "handsome." Decorated with a hundred pictures in rich color, it purports to survey, in some three hundred pages, the entire animal world of the biosphere, divided into the lake, the forest, the desert, the ocean depths, and so on. This seems to me to have been an ill-advised venture, because to have your interest aroused, you must be provided with a certain minimum of information. The entire biosphere in three hundred pages! One page on all bottom-dwelling fish! Two paragraphs on the 125 species of New World warblers! Fewer than ten lines on frogs! It is simply not enough. Bird migration, one of the most fascinating of natural phenomena, receives two-thirds of a page and, in explanation, only this comment: ". . . we are still far from a clear understanding of how birds manage their often precise navigation." This seems thoroughly unsatisfactory in view of all we know —or at least I think we know—about these intrepid voyagers.

The fact remains that almost every page of the book contains some intriguing item of information. Did you know that most species of fish have lines of sensory cells running along their bodies that enable them to detect water pressure or movement? Or that men, monkeys, and apes are the only mammals that can distinguish colors? That a donkey which has lost a quarter of its body weight can drink enough water to regain it in two minutes? (A camel takes ten.) That dolphins can repeat words they hear? That if a pebble is tossed in front of a bat, its echolocation system will lead it to dive for the pebble, in the expectancy that it may be an insect, but that it will stop just short apparently because the echoes are not quite right? And did it ever strike you as curious that no male mammals have developed a method of feeding their young, which would permit the females to abscond? Except, as Dr. Bates points out, in the case of *Homo sapiens,* whose males can learn to use bottles.

One of the most interesting subjects Dr. Bates touches on is the remarkable similarity between ecological structures that have evolved in completely different situations. Take the forest and the ocean. In both, the basic stuff of life is the plants; green leaves in the forest, the phytoplankton in the ocean. In both, the upper layers are the most thickly populated because it is there, where they can draw energy from the sun, that the plants thrive. The plants provide food for primary consumers; insects in the forest, copepods and shrimplike euphausiids in the seas. The tiny creatures in turn serve as food for larger ones; rodents, for example, on land, herring or mackerel in the sea. The large predator animals such as lions live off smaller ones, just as bluefish or sharks live off smaller fish. In both cases, the "pyramid of life" is essentially the same. And in both, man, either as fisherman or hunter, competes with the predators for meat.

THROUGHOUT the book, one is continually reminded of the curious ways in which the pattern of human life reflects that of totally dissimilar creatures. The locust plague is one of nature's most remarkable phenomena. Locusts are a form of grasshopper, a normally solitary creature confined to one small area. But periodically, certain species of grasshopper change their body form slightly, grow darker, form into enormous hordes, and become mobile, destroying the countryside as they go (like lemmings, incidentally). Finally, the hordes either head out to sea and commit mass suicide or just peter out, their offspring turning again into solitary, almost stationary grasshoppers. In other words, the same species is capable of behaving in two entirely different ways. Why? Apparently the process of destruction is sparked by overpopulation. Crowded together, the grasshoppers become restless and gregarious. These tendencies (along with the body changes) are transmitted to subsequent generations and increase steadily until finally the hoppers become destructive. Once the outburst is over and the problem of overpopulation is resolved, the next generation switches back into the old, peaceful form.

This phenomenon naturally sug-

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gests comparison with human behavior. If *Animal Worlds* does have one dominant theme, it is the effect of man's influence on the biosphere as, driven by increasing population, he has expanded steadily into new territory. These human intrusions have radically altered the balance of nature. Periodically, even without man's interference, certain species have gone down to defeat, as the various marsupials fell before the higher forms of mammals. But these processes usually took a very long time. Man has quickened them enormously through his use of weapons, which, one might say, have taken other creatures by surprise. The fate of the musk-ox is a striking example. As a defense against their natural enemies, the wolves, musk-oxen developed the technique of forming a tight circle with their calves in the center. The technique worked beautifully. Then man arrived on the scene. The musk-oxen formed their circles and, standing still, made a perfect target for the spear and, later, the rifle.

Dr. Bates offers some depressing statistics on man's destructiveness. An average of one kind of mammal and one kind of bird is known to have disappeared in each year of this century. Some six hundred species of mammals and seventy-eight species of birds are now in danger. One particularly sad case is that of the large copper butterfly, finished off in Britain by the energies of butterfly collectors. We all know about the damage insecticides inflict on the animal world, but, as Dr. Bates points out, man's attempts to house his growing population must, with the best will in the world, inevitably lead to further destruction. It is natural that man should want to destroy potential enemies, such as wolves or lions; even that the management at the St. Regis Hotel should discourage a pair of duck hawks from nesting on the roof because they tended to attack people living in the penthouse. But, as Dr. Bates points out: "Man has come to regard this planet as his private property, with other inhabitants to be tolerated only at his convenience or pleasure. This seems curiously presumptuous." It is sad, too. Every time a species dies out, the world becomes a little less interesting.

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They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really afford. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

Bargain Paradises of the World

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Bargain Paradises of the World, a big book, proves that if you can afford a vacation in the U.S., the rest of the world is closer than you think. Author Norman D. Ford, honorary vice president of the British Globe Trotters Club, shows that the American dollar is respected all over the world, and buys a lot more than you'd give it credit for.

Yes, if you're planning to retire, this book shows that you can live for months on end in the world's wonderlands for hardly more than you'd spend for a few months at home. Or if you've dreamed of taking time out for a real rest, this book shows how you can afford it.

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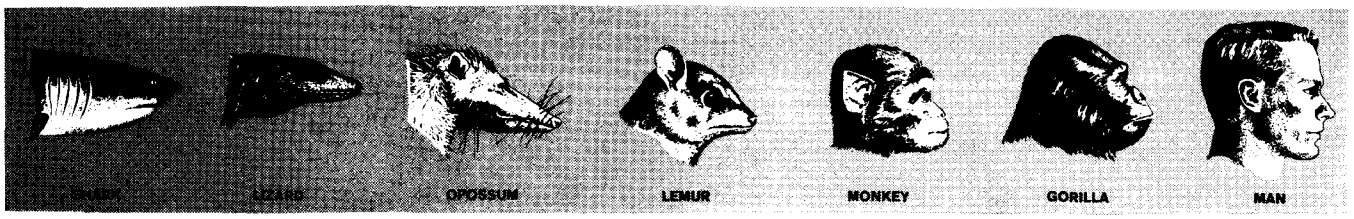

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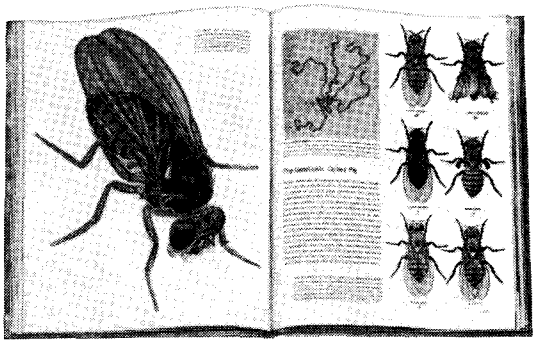
THE MANY FACES OF MAN. Although Man is united in one species, it is racially divided into more than 30 subgroupings. Over the past 150,000 years, as men searched for new hunting grounds over the globe, they gradually developed traits that adapted them to each environment.



THE GENETICISTS' GUINEA PIG is the common fruit fly. This wonderful insect, ⅛ inch long, produces new generations profusely every 10 to 15 days, takes up little lab space, and has a simple genetic make-up of only 4 chromosomes. By bombarding its reproductive cells with X-rays, biologists have produced fantastic new mutants.

Why does man seem so similar to the ape? Why do ancient rocks contain imprints of creatures now extinct? What causes giants, dwarfs, albinos? A little over a century ago, no one really knew.

Then an English biologist, Charles Darwin, published one of the most important books in history. The first 1,250 copies of his *The Origin of Species* sold out in a day, and a storm of controversy broke which has never entirely died.

Now here at last—in the style that LIFE has made famous, so that it makes perfect sense even to school children—is the remarkable story of evolution in this beautiful introductory volume of the LIFE Nature Library.

You retrace the historic voyage that young Darwin made on H.M.S. Beagle, and see the very same phenomena that set his mind ablaze. You see the primitive Indians of Tierra del Fuego, at the bottom of the world, so tough they sleep naked on icy ground. You tour the Galápagos Islands, Nature's own laboratory of evolution, where complete isolation from the rest of the world has resulted in startling species never seen anywhere else.

You see the clues to bygone life—shells, bones, tracks, eggs, imprints or entire mummies—preserved by Nature in tar, coal, ice, and stone. You see a frozen baby mammoth perfectly preserved in Arctic ice for 22,000 years. You share the thrill of the couple in Tanganyika as they uncover the bones of the world's *earliest known man*—over a million years old!

Genetic scientists take you into their laboratories to explain the mysteries of the microscopic genes and chromosomes that determine the inheritance of characteristics. You see a human egg magnified 2,000 times. How a living cell divides.

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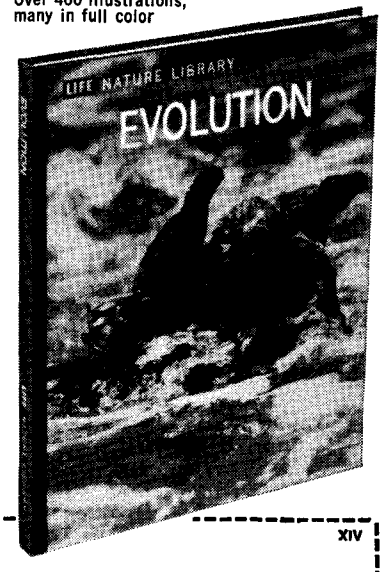
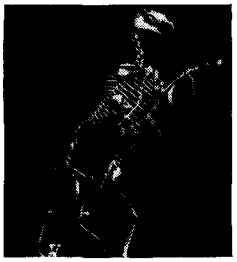


MALE FRIGATE BIRD displays bright red gular pouch to attract females. Attractive sex characteristics increase *mating success, are more* likely to be passed on.

OFF TO BED goes the gorilla with leaves and branches for bedding. Though constantly on the move, gorillas *build new nests on ground* or in low branches nightly.



SKELETONS OF HORSE AND MAN reveal similar bones in similar positions. In such relationships Darwin saw echoes of a primeval pattern, modified by evolution.

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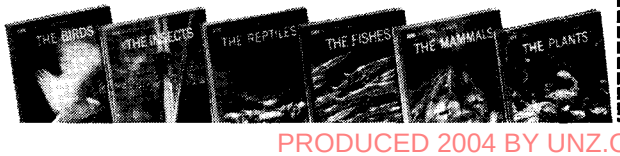

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